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Pauline clung to her father, beseeching him, in trembling, anxious tones, to tell her if he was much injured.

HOODWINKED:

DEAD AND ALIVE

A TALE OF MAN'S PERFIDY AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY A. P. MORRIS, Jr., Author of "Ralph Hamon, the Chemist," "The Warning Arrow," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOVERS. MANY years ago there was situated prominently on the Germantown road, a short distance beyond the city limits of Phila-delphia, a magnificent residence built after the imposing style of a French chateau. was surrounded on three sides by beautifully-ornamented grounds, and broad, grassy lawns, wherein stood immense shade-trees, at various points, underseated with iron benches; and at the rear were well-graded terraces, rendered gorgeous with innumerable plants and flowers that lent an almost cloying perfume to the summer breezes. From the road to the house was a graveled drive, dotted on either side with beds of rarest roses, and shrubs of gaudy bloom. The pi

azza, at the front, was wreathed in vine-clad trellis - work; while through and through the molded eaves twined, in at-tractive, drooping fashion, the golden-It was here that Calvert Herndon, a re-tired merchant of reputed wealth, had settled down to the luxury and ease well earned by years of toil. He was a widower. A dearly-loved wife had been laid to rest long before the period in which our story opens but a daughter, just merging into perfect womanhood, remained to him, to cheer and

soothe him in his declining years. It was a summer day of exceeding splendor. In the very center of a flower-bed, culling choice buds from among a host of red, yellow and crimson roses, stood a maiden of

rare and lustrous beauty. Her slender hands were busy with fra-grant buds, and as she stooped to pluck the last gul from off its stem, she uttered a pleased exclamation, and held the result of her labors out at arm's length to contemplate it

There! isn't that a beauty? I promised Victor that, when he came this morning, I'd have the prettiest collection ready for him his eyes ever beheld. Now, then, only a little more evergreen, and a leaf or two of fern, and I'll have my bouquet completed. But what time is it, I wonder?" (Drawing from her belt a small medallion watch, and glancing at the dial.) "Why, I do say! it's nearly half-past ten. And Victor said he was coming about eleven. I

must make haste," and she proceeded to put the finishing touch to her light task. Ere the fern-leaves were adjusted, how-ever, a footstep sounded upon the path, and

Victor Hassan, he of whom she had spoken in her self-commune, appeared before her.
"Good-morning, Pauline, my dove," he said, stretching forth both hands. In a moment she was in his arms, while a fervent kiss passed between them.

"I've come, my darling, upon the errand promised. Is your father in?" "Yes. I left him in the parlor not more I promised.

than an hour ago. You'll find him there, I

"And having found him, pet, when I leave him, the destiny of my whole future will be decided." "Mine, too, Victor," she added, nestling her head confidingly on his breast. "If he

refuses to grant your request for my hand in marriage, I—I'll—I am sure I shall die." "Oh, no—not that, I hope. But don't Wait until I see him. He could refuse me for no other reason than that my salary is barely sufficient to support me. Even that will not count, for I expect soon to be advanced in my position, and therefore I shall be perfectly independent while my health and strength last. Here goes, at all events; I can *only* fail," releasing himself and starting toward the house as he spoke.

"Oh! may Heaven grant he will not re-fuse you, dear Victor!" murmured Pauline. Her lover cast back a smile of encourage ment and continued on, while she, in trepi dation of mind, sought the fragrant shadows of an arbor, and awaited his return with

painful anxiety.

Slowly the moments passed. Fifteen twenty minutes—and still she sat there, waiting for her lover, and the good or bad news he was to bring. The suspense grew

At last he came, still bearing in his hand the bouquet she had given him, and his handsome features—handsome because they indicated a refined intellect and noble soul -wore an expression that betokened naught of discouragement to her eager heart.
"The answer, Victor? The answer?"

she cried, starting forward and throwing her arms about his neck. "Tell me quick—is it life, or is it death?"

"Life, dearest!" he replied, in happy

voice. "Look up. Don't become so ex-"What did he say, Victor?" she continued, joyously.
"Come, Pauline, be seated, and I will tell

you in a few words." When they were seated in the perfumed

bower from which she had run to meet him,

'I went to your father, and without hesitancy or parley, plainly told him of our love. I told him how we had learned to live in each other's affection with a fondness that would render a blight of our hopes next to, and more painful than, death. I made him aware of how this love had sprung up—how, since the night we met in the crowded ball-room, we knew the same star of destiny illumined our paths. He listened attentively until I had concluded, and then, very natur-ally, it was his turn to speak, to ask ques-

"Oh, Victor! and what did he say? Was he angry, or unpleasant in any way?"
"Not at all. He exhibited the politeness

of a gentleman, and the solicitude of a par-ent. He asked me if I was secure enough in my position to warrant my marrying, and if my salary was sufficient for all expenses."

"And you said—"
"I said yes. In addition, I mentioned that I expected shortly to be even better situated. He seemed satisfied, but at the same time reminded me that there was another

"Ah!" Pauline's gaze drooped to the grassy carpet. "There was another suitor, my love; yet

you were at liberty to choose for yourself."
"Did he say that? Oh! are you sure?" "That other suitor is our guest—Hallison Blair, I suppose?" This with a slight shud-

The same. Your father told me so." "I have suspected for a long time that he loves me; or, rather, professes to that end," and her face was upturned to his as he pressed her to him, and said, interrogatively:

But you will not be at a loss to make the choice? "No, Victor, no! You are the only one on this earth whom I love, besides pa. I am

yours alone.' "God bless you, pet! and may I never, by word or action, give you cause to repent the holy trust you have placed in me by those words. The splendor of this day is but a reflection of the light that fills my heart since I know that you are mine till death. I never knew real happiness until this moment, for I realize a bliss intended to last forever in this life."

With what unusual swiftness the minutes fleeted by unheeded, as the lovers sat there, whispering anew their mutual troth! It was high noon when Victor first awoke from the sweet dream in which they were

wrapt, and starting up, he exclaimed:

some Hallison Blair was touching closely upon the subject of his affection, and gradually approaching a positive declaration. Her eyes raised not to meet his. She knew the subtle power of their brilliancy; for, on more than one occasion she had been momentarily transfixed beneath his fascinating. mentarily transfixed beneath his fascinating gaze, and at these times an involuntary chill crept over her. He drew nearer and pursued: "I would have returned to my home in England, many months ago, but for the retaining charm of which I speak. There has been a magnet, as it were, which held me fast as a responsive needle." His voice was low, gentle.

She remained silent—mustering her energies for an abrupt refusal, when he should plainly ask her hand.

"Miss Herndon—Pauline, I—"
"Sir!"

"Sir!"

"Forgive me. I must call you by that name. I am too wild to refrain from uttering it. Pauline Herndon, I love you, idolize you. Beyond the sea I have a gorgeous home, surrounded by wealth and luxury, in which you shall reign as my queen, with every thing you can wish for to make you happy. I will worship you—hasten to accomplish your slightest desire, do all in my power to render your existence a pleasant power to render your existence a pleasant pastime. Your wants shall be my pleasure; your contentment my chiefest aim. Speak but one word; say that you can love me, will be my cherished wife, and I am satisfied to yield up ten years of my life. Will you be mine?"

He had taken her hand in his own, pressing it tightly, bending over to gaze into her lovely face; and his ardent syllables were

with a quick motion she receased herself, and started up. She had nerved herself for this, and replied emphatically, while the blood mantled to her temples:

"Mr. Blair, I not only decline your offer of marriage, but give you to understand that I am already engaged. Even if I were not the betrothed of another, my answer would be the same. I do not like you. I hope this is definite enough," and she turned to

"Stop!" hurriedly spoke Blair, placing himself directly in her path, while his dark eyes fairly scintillated with anger, and his utterance seemed choked. "You wholly reject my suit?"

"I have given my answer."

"And this penniless boy, this Victor Hassan, whom I just now saw leave you, is your accepted lover?"

"As you took the pains to watch our movements," she retorted, without reserve, noting his rise of anger, "perhaps I might be right in drawing the inference that you also played eavesdropper. If so, I hope you were entertained pleasantly with our conversation."

I repeat—he is the fortunate suitor?" "I do not deny it. I am proud in his love. 'Are you aware that your father favors

"Are you going now, Victor?"

"Yes, I must be off. I'll return again this evening. By-by, darling."

One more embrace, a warm kiss, and he "Not more so than he does Mr. Hassan. In fact, permit me to state, my father has privileged me to choose my own husband; my choice rests with Mr. Hassan."
"He is a conceited fop."

"A man who does not possess a rational amount of conceit, lacks one of the essential attributes of true manhood, Mr. Blair. But I think, sir, you are forgetting your education as a gentleman. Such language con-cerning Mr. Hassan, is an insult to me." He reddened the more, and persisted:

This man was an Englishman, though strikingly dark in features, and with mustache and goatee of jet black. His eyes were of a brownish color, brilliant and fas-You had best reconsider your answer, Miss Pauline."

"The answer I have given must suffice for all time. Have the kindness to let me "Oh, certainly; I shall not detain you

longer against your will. But I have this to say: I promise you, Pauline Herndon, that if power on earth can accomplish it, you

shall yet be my wife!"

The calmness of this final speech contained a terrible significance to her; but he down upon the bench from which she had stepped aside, bowing courteously, and she swept past him to the house.

Pauline, when she entered the house, immediately sought her father. He was in the front parlor, and, going to his side, she knelt down by him, resting her head upon his knee, and sobbed audibly. while for an opportunity to speak with you privately," he continued, seating himself near her, "but Mr. Hassan seems to have

"Why, my little bird, what do you cry for?" he inquired, tenderly resting a hand upon her wavy tresses. "Oh, pa, I am so happy!—and still so miserable!"

"Happy and miserable in the same moment!" he exclaimed, an indulging smile about the corners of his mouth—a mouth from which had come soft lullabys and nonsense to amuse the caroling babe, who now was grown to appreciate his early kindness, and be a sole and cheering light to his life.

"Impossible, my child! People do not feel happy and miserable at once. It must

be some rare cause," and he laughed lightly.
"But, pa," she said, looking up at him
through her tears, "it is so with me. I am joyous as a thoughtless bird, in the knowledge that you have permitted me to choose Victor for a husband. I love him dearly."

"You have decided upon that point, then?" he interrupted, playfully.

Yes-yes. I did not hesitate when he

told me your answer to him."
"Then, that is settled. I hope you may both be very happy."

"Then, pa, you were more in favor of him than Mr. Hal—Hallison Blair?"

"Undoubtedly so, my daughter. Though Mr. Blair comes from a family who ranked high in England. His father was an Earl. I first made his acquaintance some eight years ago, while your mother and I were traveling in Europe—you were at boarding-

"Oh, no," was her brief answer.

"As I said, I have waited patiently for this opportunity. I desired to speak with you alone, upon a subject that has long reigned uppermost in my thoughts. Can you not guess what it is ?"

"Why, really, I had no idea it could be

Pauline consulted her watch. Quarter to

He had scarce taken a dozen steps, when

Pauline detected the approach of some one from the opposite side of the arbor; and,

turning quickly, discovered Calvert Herndon's guest—Hallison Blair.

cinating. In figure, he was handsome, rather slender, and, in all, not one to prove

disagreeable in the sight of those who ad-

Pauline looked after her retreating lover,

half-persuaded to call him back; then at

the one who was coming toward her, and

with a creeping, inexplicable feeling sunk

When he drew nigh, his dark eyes spark-

led with a subtle brightness, his white, regular teeth were visible as he smiled in his

bland manner, and said:
"Ah! Miss Herndon, you are alone, I

perceive? I have been waiting quite a little

enjoyed the exclusive monopoly of your so-

"You seem afraid of me. Am I ugly or repulsive?"

Pauline drew back from him.

mire exquisite taste and display.

twelve was the time.

left her.

CHAPTER II. A PROMPT REPLY.

His gaze was lost upon her, for she kept her eyes upon the green flower-stems with which she toyed, and returned, simply:

"How should I?"

"How should you?" he repeated. "You are a woman, Miss Herndon, with a woman's quick perception, and aptitude at learning by one's actions, the motive which governs them. Can you, then, say you have been, and are wholly blind to my feelings, which I must have betrayed to you ere this?"

Hitherto, he had been content, apparently, with feasting his eyes upon her beauty, and hearkening to the sweet tone of her voice, and this had afforded her a blessed respite, considering she lived in constant fear of his approaches. But now, the handschool at the time-and I opined you might, perhaps, prefer the title of Lady Hallison Blair to plain Mrs. Victor Hassan." "Title!—Lady Hallison Blair! What can

"I have never mentioned the fact to you, my little Pauline, nor has he, I judge. He is an English nobleman, inheriting the lordly title from his father." you mean, pa?" This is really news to me."

"I presume so. But it will make no difference. I guess you and Victor will love one another as fondly as if he boasted high lineage."
"More so, pa. I could never love Mr

You know your own heart best. I have always held to the determination of letting you select for yourself when you became of proper age. I told Mr. Hallison Blair—as he is known here—that, if he could persuade you to love him, he had my consent to the I am thoroughly satisfied as it Mr. Hassan I esteem highly, and when I questioned him regarding his capability of possess shall go to make you happy."

"Oh, pa, you are so kind?"

"And now, puss, what is your miserable portion?"

Again the pretty head was nestled on his knee, and fresh tears dimmed the luster of

her eyes.

Mr. Blair has spoken to me of his love only a few minutes since."
"Yes? Then you told him of your promier engagement, and, of course, it ended

"No, pa, it did not end there. He persisted, even after I told him that Victor possessed my heart and promise.

"He importuned you after that?"

"Yes. He stood before me and pressed his suit till the sound of his voice became tiresome. And his eyes, pa!—they looked Was he impertinent, Pauline?" and

Calvert Herndon's brow darkened.

"Not impertinent; but, oh! he said something that fixes itself strangely upon my mind as a dread omen."

"Not impertinent, and a said something that fixes itself strangely upon my mind as a dread omen."

"What was his speech?"
"He said that, 'if power on earth could accomplish it, I should yet be his wife." "What! He said that, and you tell me he was not impertinent? What could be his meaning? I will seek him, and demand

immediate explanation!' No, no," plead Pauline, clinging to him, as he started up to carry out his intention, "don't go. Let it pass. He could have meant nothing. Perhaps he spoke hastily, before he could check the sentence which was called to his lips upon the sudden realization that I had rejected him. Let it

pass; please do, for my sake,"
He sunk back into his chair, with the inquiry; "What more did he say?" He spoke of Victor as a fop-a man un-

fitted to be my husband," answered Pauline, hesitatingly, for she saw that her father was considerably agitated at this account of his And if Victor knew this," exclaimed

the old gentleman, "I'll wager that he'd cowhide Mr. Blair, in default of satisfactory apology!" It shall be my endeavor to keep it from

Victor, and I want you to do the same, pa. I don't think Mr. Blair will forget himself a second time. "Very well; I will be content to pass it by, for your sake, my little Pauline. But, if any thing like it occurs again, I shall take immediate steps to inform him that his further presence is distasteful to me. Maybe

I'll go beyond that."
At this juncture, the door-bell tingled,

card upon a salver. Glancing at the name, Herndon read, "Gulick Brandt, M. D." and instantly ordered that the visitor be admitted. "Excuse me for a little while, my child," e said, assisting her to rise. "I desire a

he said, assisting her to rise. "I desire a private interview with the doctor,"

Pauline withdrew, passing the comer in the hall, who bowed upon seeing her; and in a few seconds Doctor Gulick Brandt entered the tendent where the words in the said. tered the parlor, where Herndon, remaining seated, awaited him.

"Ah! good-day, Mr. Herndon," said the physician; "I hope I find you well."
"Quite well, thank you. I have been wishing to see you for several days past. You have kept yourself rather aloof from

"That's a fact," returned Brandt. "I admit I have neglected to call with my accustomed regularity. But, you see, there's been some extraordinary cases of fever de-manding my attention, and I've been unable to get around. You look well," he said, drawing a long breath.

'I accept your excuse; wait, doctor; you may think it queer that I did not ask you to be seated when you came in. I desire to speak with you privately. Let us go to the library."

Doctor Brandt followed the merchant

from the room, though a lack of promptness was plainly noticeable in his steps, and he appeared to be somewhat uneasy, glancing at Herndon closely.

CHAPTER III.

THE TELL-TALE NOTE. DOCTOR GULICK BRANDT was a rather short, stout personage, with broad shoulders, light blue eyes, florid complexion, and head very nearly bald.

His acquaintance with the Herndon family was of old standing, having filled the office

of their regular physician for several years. Calvert Herndon had first taken a liking to him on account of his brief, concise man-

ner of transacting business, and conversa-tion; and from an ordinary acquaintance there had sprung up an intimate personal friendship. The merchant had, ofttimes, consulted

with him, when in receipt of solicitations to invest in private speculation, after retiring from business, and invariably found in his advice solid sense and sterling whys and wherefores. On this occasion, however, Herndon seem-

ed moodily thoughtful, and Brandt missed the cordiality with which he was wont to be received at the home mansion. When they reached the library, the doctor

was motioned to a seat, and the merchant advanced to a desk, from a drawer of which he took a roll of parchment. This he placed upon the table, and drawing up a chair, said, while untying the tape around it:
"You have seen this before, Boctor

"Yes; I should think so. It's your will, I believe. I am one of the witnesses." "More than that, I had selected you as

my executor."
"Indeed? You surprise me!"

"I say I had selected you," continued Herndon, laying marked emphasis on his speech. "I have since altered my mind," d with this he quickly tore the will into

hundred pieces, casting them in a shower The doctor half started forward to prevent the act of mutilation, but checked himself "What is that for?" "Because, sir, you are a villain."

"Sir!"
The two men were upon their feet; ea looked sternly upon the other; a collisi seemed imminent. Gazing thus, in silent for a second only, Herndon resumed his seat, saying, briefly, "Sit down, sir." Brandt did as requested, but steadfastly returned the hard, sharp, searching glance of the merchant, and waited for an expla-

"Doctor Brandt, I said you were a villain; you wish me to explain?"
"As a gentleman, and your equal, I de-

mand that at once. 'Very well; you shall have it. Wait. "Yery well; you shall have it. Walt. It has not been until very recently that my eyes have been opened to the mock garb of piety and friendship which you have worn in my presence; and in the discovery made, so unexpectedly, I see you as you really are—a hypocritical scoundrel; double-faced recently."

Mr. Herndon, I can not tolerate this; I

am astonished; Iam astomshed; 1—
"Stop. You want an explanation of why I
think you a villain. Now, I am going to
give it you. When you visited me the
other day, you apprised me of a scheme in
the business market, in which money could be invested to an almost certain guarantee of netting, in the returns, over one hundred per cent profit. It was something new; had originated in a circle composed of some of the leading commission merchants of Philadelphia. As I had done on many simila occasions before, I asked your advice in the matter, and, though I failed to note it then, I distinctly remember now, you betrayed an extraordinary pleasure that I again solicited your counsel. You advised me to enter; still, you wanted a short time to consider, to look into the matter, and you would give me a definite opinion. This was on last Monday. On Tuesday last I stepped in at the United States Hotel to see an old friend of mine, who had just arrived from New York. The coach was departing at the moment for the Boston train, and, as the last passenger took his seat, he drew his hand kerchief from his pocket. In doing so something fell to the payement. I saw it I immediately picked it up; I called to him he did not hear me, and in a few seconds the lumbering coach whirled beyond hailing distance. He had lost a letter; I had found It was directed to one Hank Hawkens of Boston. The chirography struck me a familiar, but I gave no second thought to it, placing the lost article in my pocket, and intending to forward an advertisement to some Boston paper as soon as I left the

' Seeking my friend, we seated ourselves for a cozy chat. After a while I spoke of the incident, and what had come into my possession. Very naturally, he asked me to let him look at it. I did so. He no sooner saw the name on the envelope than he uttered a surprised exclamation. Why, said he, 'this is directed to one of the mos notorious swindlers that ever disgraced, by presence, the good city of Boston. I know his reputation well. He is a pardoned counterfeiter; lives now by playing the sharp game. Let's examine the contents."
"I endeavored to dissuade him from this;

he declared there could be no harm, consid first water—and, as he extracted and per-used the letter, he read aloud while I listen-ed. Doctor Brandt, my heart was wrung. My friend's astonishment was unbounded. I have that letter with me. You shall hear it."

He produced the epistle from an inner pecket, and read aloud as follows:

pocket, and read aloud as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, June —, 18—.

"HANK HAWKENS, ESQ.:

"Sir:—I write to state that, knowing you will be in town shortly, through a mutual friend, I am situated in such a way as to be able to place a neat few thousand or so in your pocket. Being tolerably acquainted with your habits, I do not hesitate in making the following offer: I am intimate with one Herndon, who resides on the Germantown road, just beyond Philadelphia, (this city)—a wealthy gentleman, with whom I sway considerable influence, and who would readily act upon my advice, if I would propose his investing several thousands in a rare scheme. You understand. If you will pledge me one-half and silence, I can persuade him to advance a sum of money to you, by representing you as President of the new ring. Please answer, stating at what hour, and where I can meet you on Saturday evening next."

'Is this familiar to you?" questioned Herndon, when he had concluded.

"No, sir, it is not. And I do not understand any thing satisfactory from what you have said."

This letter is signed 'G. B.'"

"That counts nothing. It may signify Gun Barrel, Green Bottles, Game Bag, or any thing of equal unimportance,"
"Yet, I see in the signature, Doctor Gulick Brandt!"

'Do you mean to charge me, Calvert Herndon, with being the author of this let-ter?" demanded Brandt, his cheeks reddening, paling, either from chagrin, or desperanger, upon recognizing the fact that the merchant was unwavering in his suspi-

"I do, sir. No doubt you have heard from Hank Hawkens ere this, he agreeing to your dirty plans, and the express object of your visiting me to-day, Monday, was to advise my entering into this scheme—which s a sham, gotten up with a view to your in dividual interest, and the gain of this Boston swindler. It is a plan to rob me—rob a friend; nothing less. I know our relative positions now, Doctor Gulick Brandt, and henceforth we are strangers. I have showed you that I know you to be a villain; now leave my house, and never darken door of

"I shall not go, sir, until you have given me a chance to prove that you are mistaken in this matter," said the physician. "I have held neither epistolary nor verbal communication with any such person as Hank Hawkens, as you call him."

"I think otherwise. I have proof before me," tapping the letter in a conclusive style. want no explanation from you whatever. I have had my say, and again I order you to leave my house!"

Brandt's red face grew redder as he re-turned, unflinchingly, the stern gaze of the 'I will not go until you hear me," began "I will not hear you; go!"
Yet, though the owner of the house pointto the door, Brandt moved not, but said: That letter is strange to me-

"Leave this room, this house, instantly, sir, or I may forget that I am on my own premises. I once more command you, go! If you do not, I may be tempted to lay violent hands upon you. I have been hurt, grieved; now, I am angered, dangerous to be trifled with. Will you begone?"

"Strike me if you dare!" cried Brandt, "and you'll rue this day." He saw that it was useless to remonstrate, and now spoke deficiently.

defiantly.

The words were scarce uttered when Herndon, with an alacrity unusual in one of his years, sprung upon the physician, and struck him several blows in the face. But he had erred in judging his adversary, for Brandt seized a favorable opportunity, and planted his fist between the other's

eyes, with such force as to send him reeling across the apartment.

It would not have ended here but that the door was burst open at this critical juncture, and Pauline bounded into the room. Doctor Gulick Brandt turned to hurry out and encountered Hallison Blair. The Englishman smiled as he whispered: "Well

done, doctor; you did me a great favor in Calvert Herndon was partially stunned by the blow he had received, but walked to a sofa, sunk down upon it, and Pauline clung to him, beseeching him, in trembling,

anxious tones, to tell her if he was much No, my child," he replied to her inquiries, "merely a blow that has confused me.
The scoundrel matched me well, it seems.

Has he taken himself away? "Oh, yes, he's gone," answered a voice, and Pauline, turning her head, exclaimed, as she saw the Englishman:

'Why," he remarked, nonchalantly, "I was behind you when you came in here."
"How happened it that you arrived upon
the scene, my daughter?" Herndon asked.
"I was passing the library, pa, coming

from my room, when I heard angry words between you and Doctor Brandt. I came in as soon as I could turn the knob." "And I was going to my room," added Hallison Blair, "when I saw Miss Pauline disappear in here, and noticed that her ac tions were somewhat excited. I arrived opposite the door, only in time to see my dear friend, Mr. Herndon, staggering to the wall I am dull at comprehension, else I would have collared the physician, who was gone ere I could understand the situation of af

"Well, well," continued the merchant well, well, continued the merchant, soon recovering himself entirely, "let the affair drop. He will never enter my house again. There, Pauline, you may go now," (kissing her fair brow). "Think no more of I desire to be alone."

As Pauline, in compliance with his request, went out from the library, she raised her eyes for a moment to those of Hallison Blair. He was gazing at her with intense steadfastness, and a momentary shudder possessed her.

ossessed her.

She descended to the lunch-hall, while Blair continued on to his room.

He smiled and chuckled lightly as he closed his door, and muttered:

"Aha! Pauline: I vowed that you should the control of the co be mine in spite of all the Victor Hassans who may swarm the globe! I meant it; I mean it still! I have now only to unwind the cord, and with skillful management, will find no knots. You shall yet be

(To be continued.)

The Winged Whale: THE MYSTERY OF RED RUPERT.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "SCARLET HAND," "HEART OF FIRE,"
"WOLF DEMON," ETC.

> CHAPTER VII. THE FIGHT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

With compressed brows the young sailer stared at the shining barrel. First he thought that it was but fancy,

but a second glance convinced him that his eyes had not deceived him, and that in truth t was a musket-barrel on which the moon beams played.

No friend but a foe awaited him. In a

moment he guessed that he had been led into a trap. He understood now—too late—the device of the wily Spanish captain.

"The accersed coward!" Rupert muttered between his clenched teeth. "Why did he not dare me to meet him as man meets man in fair and open fight? Bue no; he entraps me into an ambuscade; kills me by the hand of a hired ruffian from behind a bush. I have looked upon death too many times, to be frightened by it now." Seconds lengthened into minutes, yet still

the death-shot came not. Rupert stood motionless as a statue

His face was as calm as though chiseled out of marble. The bushes stirred; the cat had played long enough with its prey; the flint came down upon the steel, but no report follow-ed; the matchlock had missed fire.

By a miracle, almost, Red Rupert had escaped the death so cunningly devised.

A dozen nimble bounds, the sailor gained the shelter of the forest and disappeared

from view behind the fringe of bushes.

A muttered curse came from the man in The prey had escaped.

All then was still. In the covert of the bushes lay Roque Vas-ca, like some huge beast. He had reprimed his musket and prayed to all the saints to

give him another chance at the young sailor. Eagerly he watched the wood. No form stirred within the leafy covert. "May Satan take the cursed musket!" he muttered in anger. "I would have drilled a hole right through him if the pow-

der had not flashed in the pan. Let him show as much as an ear now and I'll warrant that I'll not miss him.' With searching eyes, the soldier looked upon the dark line of the forest, but he look-

ed in vain for a human form.
"Perhaps he's plunged into the wood and will make a wide circle and thus gain the town without passing me. He is wise not to give me a second chance. I'd not miss No fine pieces of gold will I finger, and all because the cursed gun missed fire. Why, I wouldn't have given a copper-piece

Then Roque fancied that he could dis-

tinguish the outline of a human head peep-ing out from behind a tree-trunk, on the edge of the forest, some fifty paces to the right.

"If that is my bird I must change the line of my piece," he muttered, as he gazed long and earnestly at the object that he supposed was the head of the stranger.

Suddenly the head disappeared.

Brone was now appripaged that he Roque was now convinced that his eyes had not deceived him.

A grim smile came over his swarthy face.

Quietly he sighted his piece upon the spot
where he had seen the head, and waited
with breathless impatience for it to appear

He did not have long to wait, for ere ten minutes had passed, the head again appear-The soldier ran his eye along the shining barrel. Again the hammer descended; this time, the loud report of the musket follow-

ed and rung out clearly on the still air of the night. Then, to the watching ears of the ambushed assassin came the sound of a deep groan and a heavy fall.

The aim of the soldier had been true.

Up from his covert in the bushes rose the Spaniard with a hoarse laugh of triumph.

"The fine gold pieces are mine, and I'll drink deep of red wine ere the morning light comes!" he cried in triumph. knew that my aim was sure. By Saint Peter, I never miss my mark. Now I'll return to the city." And the soldier turned half around. "But stay! I wonder if my gallant is dead? Shall I examine him and Then the Spaniard pondered on the question. "But no! I care not whether he be dead or alive. There can hardly be a question about it though. A man can't very well live with an ounce ball through his head. But I'll see."

And with this resolution, Roque proceeded toward the forest. All was still; no moans of anguish met

Killed outright," he muttered as he enter-

ed the shadows cast by the wood. But, Roque was not destined to reach the spot where the body of his victim should lay, for, out of the bushes, a muscular form

sprung upon him. Although taken by surprise, the Spaniard made a determined resistance, but his efforts were fruitless. With a grip of iron the assailant fastened upon him. A sudden twist and the brawny Spaniard sprawled upon the ground, hurled there with terrible

Half stunned and bleeding from the force of the concussion, Roque glared upward into the face of his unknown assailant, who, with his knee upon his breast and a broad bladed knife at his throat, held the soldier completely in his power.

The stern gaze that bent over him, was

that of Red Rupert, the sailor.
"Cowardly hound! why should I not bury this knife in your threat?" questioned

Rupert in anger.

"Mercy, senor," Roque gasped in mortal terror, yet though he begged for mercy he saw but little hope of getting it in the frowning face of the sailor.
"Why should I show mercy to you, assas-

?" questioned Rupert.
'It is all a mistake," gasped Roque.
'A mistake?"

Yes, I thought you were somebody else."
'Who else?" asked Rupert, quickly.
'Why—" and Roque hesitated; even his cunning was at fault

cunning was at fault.

"Why do you not speak? or do you hesitate to gain time to think of a lie to cheat me with?" the sailor said, contemptuously.

"By Saint Peter, I swear that I never thought that it was Pablo, the fisherman. He cheated me at cards yesterday in the wine-shop, and I swore to be revenged upon

'Do I look like Pablo, the fisherman?" Rupert asked, with a sneer.
"Oh, wonderfully!" cried the soldier.

"You are lying again!"
"I swear that I speak the truth!"
"Don't sell your soul to eternal perdition
by swearing falsely!" cried Rupert, sternly.

"Am I dressed like a fisherman?"

"No, senor," stammered Roque; "but, in the darkness, I mistook you for him."

"In the darkness!" Rupert exclaimed, contemptuously. "When I first saw the barrel of your musket gleaming in the foliage of the bushes, I stood in the opening, in the full light of the monheams not fifty. in the full light of the moonbeams, not fifty feet from you. You did not attempt to fire on the instant, but calmly waited. You had plenty of time to see who and what I

"I was blinded by anger," Roque muttered, in confusion. "I swear, senor, that I never noticed your face!" "Not even when you leveled your musket directly at my heart?"

"No, senor; I swear by all the saints in heaven that I thought that you were Pablo," protested Roque. "Why should I attempt your life? You are a stranger to me. There is no reason. I am not a tiger that kills for love of killing

"Why attempt my life? Ay! that's the riddle that I wish to solve," Rupert said, calmly. "Whether you live or die, depends upon you alone. When your musket missed fire, and I gained the shelter of the wood, I determined to learn who you were and what was the motive that bade you seek the life of a stranger. With my hat I drew your fire, then tricked you by the assumed igns of death; lured you within my power. Now your life is in my hands. One little motion of my arm and the steel of my knife will be reddened with your blood."

'Senor, spare me!" the soldier gasped, in Reveal to me, then, why you sought my

'I had no motive but—"
'But what?" demanded Rupert, sternly. "I-I saw you leave the ball-room, and, hinking that you might have gold, I fol-"This is the truth?"

"I swear it, senor!"
"You lie again, you cowardly assassin!" cried Rupert, in anger. "I am losing patience. One more chance will I give you for your life. Answer my question at once,

and truly, too, or I'll drive the point of my knife into your throat."

The face of Rupert told the Spaniard that ne would keep his word.

The swarthy features of the soldier turned sickly yellow with fear. Helpless beneath the knee of the man that he had attempted

to murder, Roque saw that escape was 'Spare me!" he murmured, in terror, "I will confess all." "Speak and quickly!"
"Captain Estevan, the son of the com-

mandante, promised me—But you will spare my life if I tell you all?"
"Yes; go on."
"He promised me five gold pieces if I would assassinate you."
"And it was to give you a chance to fulfill your part of the bargain that this noble Spaniard decoyed me here?" "Yes," Roque said, humbly. Rupert rose to his feet.
"You are free; go, and tell your cowardly captain that in the morning he may expect a message from me. He either meets me in a fair fight or I'll brand him as a me in a tair light or I'll brand him as a coward in the street of yonder city."
Roque did not wait for a second bidding. Nimbly, he took his way back to the city. Rupert watched him till he was out of sight, and then slowly followed in his footsteps.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORY OF THE ASSASSIN. Roque cursed his ill luck as he proceeded

with hasty steps back to Pensacola. Tell the captain that he may expect a challenge from this American devil to-morrow evening, eh? Oh, no; that would betray that I had spoken and revealed that it was Captain Estevan who had hired me to put this red stranger out of the way. I'm in a hobble. I have failed to do my work, and thereby lost five gold pieces. That's bad enough. But if the captain suspects that I have betrayed him to the stranger, that would be far worse. No, I must lie out of would be far worse. No, I must lie out of it. Oh! Mercury, great king of liars, lend me thy aid! I must endgel my wits. By Saint Peter, that red imp of Satan has frightened me out of a year's growth. I fancy that I can feel the point of his knife pricking my throat even now," and Roque shivered as he spoke. It will take a dozen bottles of wine to cure me of the effects of this fright."

this fright. The soldier, proceeding at a rapid pace, soon reached the town.

He went at once to the barrack where the

ball was in progress. Approaching the door that looked upon the group of palmettos, where he had made the compact with his captain to murder the American, he cautiously peered in upon the

The quick eye of Estevan, who had been on the watch for Roque's return, detected Carelessly, the Spaniard strolled to the

door and then, stepping from the threshold to the open air, joined him. "Well?" questioned the captain, eagerly, as he led the way from the building toward

the shrubbery. "It is not well, senor captain," said Roque, dolefully.
"Ah!" and a frown came over Estevan's face, "you have not succeeded, then? The American still lives?"

Yes, senor.' The look upon Estevan's face showed

plainly how deeply he was disappointed.
"How was it that you failed?" "The musket missed fire; may Satan fly away with it!" Roque said, in anger. "Missed fire?"

"Yes, flashed in the pan. Then, with a spring like a panther, the American sprung into the shelter of the wood. I primed my piece afresh and waited for him to appear." "And did he?"
"No, he tricked me," replied Roque, sul-ily. "He stuck his hat out from behind

lenly. "He stuck his hat out from behind a tree. I thought that his head was in and put a ball through it. Then he groaned as if in mortal pain. I left my ambush and went to finish him. The moment I came near the wood, he leaped upon me from behind trees of the state of the sta this imp of an American has the strength of

He overpowered you?" said Estevan, a

"He overpowered you?" said Estevan, a shade of anxiety in his tone.
"Yes, and held his knife at my throat. You can see, captain, the mark where the point of the blade scratched the skin," and Roque pointed to his brawny throat where the livid mark appeared.
"Yet he didn't kill you," said the Spanish captain in a tone that indicated extreme astanichment.

tonishment. "No, but he might as well, for he frightened me almost to death."
"Why did he spare you?"
"That he might make me confess who set

me on to assassinate him."
"Ah!" and Estevan started in alarm, "he suspected then?" "Yes, and swore that he would bury his blade in my throat if I did not speak."

"Of course to save your life, you did confess," Estevan said, sullenly. He had very little faith in either the courage or the honesty of the soldier. What? I confess, noble captain?" cried

Roque in a tone of virtuous indignation;

what do you take me for?" If Estevan had answered, he would have said, for a thorough scoundrel; as it was, he made no reply, but the expression upon his face told of unbelief in the soldier's ver-"No, noble captain; even when this her-

etic held his knife at my throat and the point of it scratched my flesh, I swore stoutthat it was all a mistake and that I missook him for somebody else." "And did he believe your words?"
"No," Roque replied. "To tell the honest truth and shame the Evil One, he suspected

that you had a hand in the affair."

"Ah, he said so then?" and Estevan's face looked dark indeed as he put the ques-

'Yes, senor. I swore stoutly that it was not so. Why, boiling oil would not have made me betray my noble captain!" exclaimed Roque, with great dignity.

"Roque, you are such a notorious liar that

even when you speak the truth it is hard to believe you," said Estevan, gravely. "True, captain, I do lie sometimes, but not on great occasions like this. May I never drink wine again if I have not spoken the truth and nothing but the truth!" protested

the soldier, vigorously.

"Then the stranger suspected that it was by my orders that you attempted his life?" Estevan asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes, senor, although I swore that it was

"But he spared you."
"Yes, that I might bring a message to

And that message?" "That to-morrow you might expect a challenge to mortal combat, and he further said that if you refused, he would publicly post you as a coward in the streets of Pen-

Estevan's eyes flashed fire. "He need not fear. I'll meet him readily

enough!" he exclaimed.
"Senor captain, touching the five gold



pieces?" said Roque, looking askance at his

'The price of the American's life, not the attempt that has resulted in failure," said Estevan, coldly.

"By all the saints above and all the fiends below, it is not my fault if the American is not dead!" cried Roque, in a tone that cleary betrayed how much his feelings were injured. "I did the best I could. Man is but mortal; fate was against me; how could I help it if the American escaped? I feel it deeply, here," and Roque put his hand upon his heart and sighed, pathetically. "I shall die with mortification if I do not drown my emotions in wine. I haven't a copper-piece, and the keeper of the wine-shop is a beast who refuses to trust to my honor for payment. Senor captain, have

mercy on me and give me one gold piece at least, if not five." Your eloquence would move a marble statue, Roque; here is your gold piece, and Estevan gave it to him as he spoke.

"Oh, senor, you are as generous as a prince?' cried Roque in joy. "Any further commands?

Estevan shook his head. With a low bow the soldier departed. The Spanish captain remained for a few minutes motionless; his eyes bent upon the ground in deep thought. A troubled look

"The tide runs counter," he muttered.
"I must be careful or my bark of life will strike upon the rocks and all my hopes be shipwrecked. Every thing seems to go wrong. What demon sent this man here? Who and what is he, too? Where and when did Isabel meet him? These are difficult questions to answer. Time alone will furnish me with the solutions of these mysteries. ries. And Nanon too—what evil fortune sent her here at this critical moment? All

before me is darkness; clouds everywhere, and no ray of light breaking through them." Then Estevan walked slowly back to the ball-room. "To-morrow I am to receive a challenge from this rival, who, like a phantom, has appeared so suddenly in my path. I'll meet him! If my wrist hasn't forgotten its cunning, I'll send him to the shades below.
That will be one obstacle the less in my

When Estevan re-entered upon the gay scene, no one would have guessed that his thoughts were of blood and death.

As the Spanish captain stepped into the lighted room, graced with so much love and beauty, his father, the commandante, advanced to him.

Estevan noticed that his father's face wore a troubled look.
"What is the matter, father?" the son asked; "your face is as pale as death."
"Is it so?" the commandante said, ner-

"Yes, you look quite ill. What has hap-

Nothing in particular and yet—Estevan, look at this!" and the father held out his hand. In the palm of it glistened the silver medal that bore on its surface the strange device of a Winged Whale.

Estevan examined the medal with curios. Estevan examined the medal with curios-

"It is a whale with wings," he said in astonishment. "What a strange idea!"

"Yes; the moment my eyes fell upon it, a chill of terror shot through my heart."

The voice of the commandante betrayed

how deeply he was affected.

Estevan looked at his father in astonish-He could not understand the mean-

ing of his strange emotions.
"The sight of this cause you pain?" he said in wonder.

I can not fully explain ever you, my son," the commandante replied.

Estevan's wonder increased. You have seen such a figure as this be-

"Yes, long, long years ago," Don Carlos replied, deep agony in his tones.
"How came this medal in your possession?" Estevan asked, vainly striving to find some solution to the strange mystery

"I found it but an hour or so ago, lying upon the floor," the father replied. "I saw mething glitter at my feet; I stooped picked it up, and was transfixed with hor-ror when my eyes fell upon the semblance of the Winged Whale.'

But how could it have come here?" That is what I can not tell-can not even guess. I am bewildered; my brain is wandering in a labyrinth, to the outlet of which I can find no clue," exclaimed the commandante, evidently laboring under some strong excitement.

But I can not understand why the sight of this little medal, even though it has an odd device stamped upon it, should cause you to be so agitated," Estevan said.

"My son, the sight of it recalled memories

of years long past. The image of the Winged Whale brings to my mind the memory of a crime that I committed in early youth crime, the memory of which has banished sleep from my eyes many a long hour in the still night. This is the reason of my agita-Finding this piece of silver seems like a warning from the other world. Perhaps even now, after years have passed, I am to be called to an account for the deed when the hot passions of youth ran riot in

"But, father, what have you to fear?" questioned Estevan. "You are commandante of Pensacola—supreme in power. You are above the law, for you are the Who, then, can call you to a reckoning for

deeds done many years ago?"
"One that is above all earthly rulers—the Great Judge of heaven, who tries alike the king and the beggar," said the commandante, in solemn tones. "Think not, Estevan, that I fear mortal vengeance; no, I have no living foes that can work me harm. The ones I wronged were a lovely, helpless girl and an innocent babe. I fear that they are waiting above, before the Great Tribunal to accuse me.

To the mind of the young soldier the speech of his father seemed like the utterance of one whose mind was wandering. "This medal is the work of mortal hands," the son said. "If it was placed in your way as a warning of danger, the act was performed by human, not by spirit hands."

"Perhaps so; and yet it seems to me like an omen of evil sent by those who long years ago passed from earth," replied the father, sadly.

'I'll take it upon myself to try and discover from whence this strange medal came!" exclaimed Estevan. "As you please; but I am sure that the Winged Whale is an omen of evil to us," the commandante said, gravely. CHAPTER IX down best A THE CHIEF OF THE CHICKASAW.

"I, Too, have made a discovery to-night, father," abruptly said Estevan, after a short

What is its nature?"

"Regarding Isabel."
The commandante looked into the dark face of his son for a moment, as if he expected to read his discovery there. The look convinced the father that the discovery was any thing but a pleasant one in its na-What is it?" he asked.

"Isabel has a lover."
"A lover!" The commandante started in

"Yes; one to whom she freely yields her lips; most assuredly a favored lover," Este-

"There must be some mistake in this," the commandante exclaimed, hastily. "If she has a lover I should know of it. Estevan, you are wrong.

"By Heaven, I swear that I am sight!" the son replied. "I marked the twain leaving the ball-room to-night, and stole after them, for I suspected that something was wrong. They conversed together some twenty minutes under a group of palmettos, a hundred paces or so from the house, and when Isabel parted with my favored rival, he kissed her, not once, but a dozen times." "Estevan, you have been dreaming! Don Carlos exclaimed, in haste.

"Would that I had been, but it is the truth!" Estevan said, bitterly. "Roque Vasca was sleeping off the effects of a drunken carouse under some bushes near where the two stood. He heard part of their conversation; Isabel arranged to meet this lover by stealth to-morrow in the for-

"Have you noticed two strangers—Americans—here to-night; one with a face almost as red as an Indian's? There he is now." Estevan pointed to the door. Even as he spoke, Rupert and Andrews entered the

The commandante started when his eyes ooked upon the face of Rupert.
"He the lover of Isabel?" he murmured.

"This is more than chance; it is fatality!" the commandante exclaimed, evidently la-boring under the influence of some strange What do you mean, father?" asked Es

tevan, in surprise. "This man's face produces a strange effect upon me. I do not know him; he is young; yet I am sure that, in some way, he's connected with my early life. Perhaps he is a minister of vengeance. The Winged Whale bodes danger to me; this man may be the instrument by which I am to be stricken." The face of the commandante showed plainly how deeply he was afstricken.

It is as well, then, to destroy the instru-

"No, no!" exclaimed the father, "he must not be harmed! Leave him to me."
"Well and good, if he cross not my way; if he does, let him look to himself. I do not

in the does, let him look to himself. I do not intend to yield Isabel without a struggle. I love her, and she shall be mine in spite of all the Americans in the world."

"Do nothing rashly," said the commandante, in warning. "I will speak to this stranger and discover, if it be possible, who struck what he is also what object brings. and what he is; also, what object brings him to Pensacola."

him to Pensacola."
"I am afraid that you will not be able to learn much. From his dress and manner, he is evidently a sailor; probably one of Lafitte's gang of buccaneers that ravage the Gulf," Estevan remarked, with a scowling brow.

A pirate?" "Yes; and if he is one, and we discover that his intentions are hostile to us, a file of soldiers and a dozen loaded muskets will resoldiers and a dozen loaded muskets are one of move him from our way. If he is one of Lafitte's gang, of course his life is forfeit we but execute the vengeance of the law

upon him, not serve private malice."
"For the present, leave him to me. I'll question him at once," and the comman lante, leaving Estevan, advanced toward the strangers.

"It is as well that I did not tell him that I have already attempted the life of this man and failed in my purpose," Estevan muttered. "Why should the face of this red heretic affect my father so strangely It must be only imagination, his belief this man is in some way connected with the events of his early life. But be that as if may, I swear that he shall not take Isabe

As Estevan stood watching the sailor he noticed that the eyes of Isabel often wandered to Rupert's face. And the glad smile that lit up her features, told that she was

ppy—happy in his presence. All this Estevan noted, and it galled him to the quick. In his heart he swore bitter vengeance upon his rival.

Rupert, after letting the soldier rise from beneath his knee and depart, had returned slowly to the city. On the road he had met Andrews hasten-

ng in search of him. The keen-eyed Yankee had noticed the departure of Rupert and the Spanish captain from the ball-room and had seen the Span-

iard return alone. Suspecting danger to his friend he had left the gay throng of dancers and hastened in search of Rupert. Chance had led him in the right direction.

"By jingo!" Andrews cried, in joy, as he met Rupert, "I was tarnally afeard that

something was out of kilter. All righ I see'd that all-fired cuss, the captain, back alone, and I kinder suspected that he'd given you a poke in the ribs on the sly, somewhere.

"I am unhurt," Rupert replied. And then he related to Andrews the attempt that had been made upon his life, the twain proceeding toward the town as they conversed

The Yankee listened in astonishment. Well, you did have a narrow shave, "A miss is as good as a mile," said Ru-

pert, laughing. "Jes' so; but what are you going to do about it? You ain't going to let the matter slide without taking any notice of it, are

"No, to-morrow you shall bear a challenge to this cowardly assassin to meet me in fair and open fight," Rupert said, his eyes

And if he refuses?" "I'll horsewhip him in the open streets of Pensacola," Rupert cried, in heat. "But, he will not refuse. He bears the rank of captain in the Spanish service; that rank he dares not disgrace by refusing to meet me. The act would cost him his social position: yes, even his commission, for his brother officers would not associate with a poltroon. He'll meet me fast enough."

"And you'll give him jesse, eh?" "I'll try to," replied the sailor, with a

By this time they had reached the barrack again. They entered and mingled with the gay throng

Andrews' quick eyes perceived the commandante approaching them.

"Here's the king-pin coming," he said, calling Rupert's attention to the approach of the Spanish commander.

"Leave me for a few moments, Andrews. have an idea that he has something to say o me privately." With a shrewd wink the Yankee moved

arelessly away. The Spaniard came on straight to where the young man stood. "Good-evening, senor," Don Carlos said, politely.

Rupert acknowledged the greeting. "I believe that you are a stranger here, as I haven't had the pleasure of an introduction. I will introduce myself. I am Carlos Alvarado, Commandante of Pensacola," and he extended his hand frankly.
"My name is Rupert Vane; by profession a sailor," said Rupert, taking the of-

fered hand. "I am pleased to meet you, senor," said the commandante, bowing with easy grace, but there was a strange expression upon his The tone of Rupert's voice sounded

very familiar to his ears.
"The pleasure is mutual," Rupert replied.
"Will your business detain you long in

"I can hardly call it business," the sailor said, with a smile, and his eyes rested upon the fair face of Isabel as he spoke. "My visit to Pensacola partakes more of a pleasure trip than aught else."

"I trust that you will find time to call upon me," and the eyes of the commandante looked searchingly into the face of

the young man as he spoke.

"There can hardly be a doubt of that,"
Rupert smilingly replied.

With a courtly bow the commandante left him.

The face of the Spaniard was clouded over with thought as with his eyes bent upon the floor he walked slowly across the

room.
"It can not be," he muttered; "and yet, how like the eyes are. The same fiery orbs flash before me that dazzled my senses long the mazes of the forest. But this young man is too old; no, hardly! How can I discover the truth?" The commandante had made his way

through the gay and brilliant crowd, and as he finished his muttered speech, he found himself near one of the doors that led into the yard of the barrack.

The door was open and in the space stood an Indian chief gazing with stolid face upon the brilliant scene.

The Indian was an aged warrior; marks of care and of battle were upon his massive

The commandante gazed with surprise

upon the figure of the savage.

He knew the face of the chief, although it had been years since he had looked upon

"He comes like an answer to my thought," the Spaniard muttered. "From him I can learn the truth." Then the commandante approached the

The chief saw him coming, but not a muscle of his face moved. Still he looked with vacant eyes upon the groups of revelers. The Spaniard halted in front of the In-

My brother is welcome," the commandante said. Gravely bending his head, the Indian

acknowledged the salutation. "What does my red brother seek in the lodges of the pale-face?"

The savage extended his hand, showing the open palm.
"Nothing?" The commandante guessed the meaning of the chief. In days gone by, he had dwelt in the Indian lodges and learn-

d their ways. The chief bowed assent. "Will not my brother eat and drink?" The Indian shook his head.

The red chief has forgotten his white The Indian turned his stolid gaze upon the commandante, but there was no look of recognition upon his features.

There was a time when O-tee-hee was the greatest warrior in the Apalachee na-tion. Often he has hunted the red deer in the lands of the Natchez with Steel-arm, the Spaniard, who left his brothers to dwell in the wigwams of the Apalachees The fixed muscles of the Indian's face moved not. The speech of the comman-

dante affected him not a whit. "O-tee-hee has gone to the spirit-land; he hunts the red deer in Manitou's bosom," said the Indian, gravely.

Why does the red-man force his white brother to tell him that he speaks with a forked tongue?" demanded the Spaniard, in a tone of reproach. "O-tee-hee is not dead, for he stands before his white brother "O-tee-hee, taken prisoner by the Chicka-

saws, goes to spirit-land. The-Snake-with three-tails is a great chief of the Chickasaws. Scalps are many in his wigwam."

The Spaniard understood the riddle. The chief may now be a Chickasaw, but

to his white brother he will ever be an Apalachee brave. Does the chief remember Lupah, the singing-bird? If so, let him there," and the commandante pointed into

The dull eyes of the Indian glared with a strange light as he looked upon the features (To be continued—Commenced in No. 57.)

The Disinfecting Power of Water .-With the exception of charcoal, it is said that no other substance is so perfect an ab-sorbent of odors as water. It absorbs its own volume of some gases, and more than six hundred times its volume of others. instance, of ammonia gas, which is one of the largest products of decomposition, six hundred and seventy cubic feet is absorbed by one of water. Another offensive odor, always present where animal matter is decaying, arises from sulphide of hydrogen. Water absorbs two and a half times its own volume of this. These facts are worthy of remembrance and practical attention. A quantity of water placed in an open vessel in a sick room, and changed often, makes an

excellent disinfectant.

Oath-Bound:

THE MASKED BRIDE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "SHADOWED HEART," "SCARLET CRES-CENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN HER CELL. Ir seemed as though the blackness of darkness had forever closed over the house-holds at Edenwilde and The Towers.

Every thing had happened so suddenly event followed event in such rapid succession, that it seemed impossible to believe they had actually transpired. A few weeks ago dressing for her bridal;

and now a sentenced prisoner; with the scaffold instead of her wedding couch, the halter in place of the orange-bloom wreath!

I hardly know how to describe the life of
Crystel Roscoe after she knew she was

At first she had lain in fearful convulsions. while friends, lover and relatives stood by, praying that her life would go out with every passing breath; but an inscrutable Providence disregarded their passionate pleadings, and Crystel grew well and strong—for what?

After her consciousness returned fully, it seemed as though her reason could not stand the awful pressure; she would scream in her anguish, and beg and pray them to help her—her, who never harmed a fly—till the stern old man on guard at the door would weep like a child.

At times she would clasp her hands around her beautiful white throat until the pain made her desist, and then she would moan and sob till it seemed her soul would sigh itself away.

Every effort was being made to procure a respite; hundreds of thousands of dollars were offered by the Roscoes, the Haightes, and the Temples for the real murderer to come forth; he was promised his life by the State authorities to turn himself over; and all the while, though the popular feeling was for Crystel, and men staked their all on her innocence, the hours went on and on, fraught with their burden of unutterable woe to many a heart that had beat so proud-

ly so shortly before.

The day appointed for the termination of the tragedy was still several weeks off; and lawyers and relatives were striving for a pardon. Thousands of dollars had been expended; friends, by hundreds, had signed the touching petition to the Governor, and it had been forwarded.

Crystel and Hellice were not told of it, for

the fear that it might fail. Day after day had dragged along, while hopes ran high as to the result; the while Bertrand, full of surety that it could not end unfavorably, in that General Roscoe was a power in the State, as well as a warm personal friend of the authority who held so many lives in his hand; so Bertrand, who had never lost sight of it, but which had sunk to mere triviality compared to the solemn doings of late, had instructed his awyer to apply for a divorce from Undine Del Rose.

There was not the slightest difficulty in procuring it; the only question being a matter of time. And so they waited, with sick hearts, for

A fortnight, a month rolled on, and then one day there came a woman who had gain-

ed permission to see the prisoner.
Hellice was with her, as she had been for a long time, almost as pale as the doomed girl herself. The stranger was Annette Willoughby;

and the sisters shrunk from her as from a snake. A certain grim smile parted her pale lips as she noted it.

You naturally hate me: nor do I wonder at it; yet, for all that, I have come to se I can not be of service to you; you, Miss Crystel."

But it was Hellice who made answer. "You can do nothing more acceptable than to leave us. She scarcely deigned a glance toward her,

and her tones were chillingly distant. "Miss Crystel, may I beg a private interview of a few minutes?" Crystel opened her eyes languidly.

As you say. You can harm me no further " She was lying, as she had for several days, with her hands clasped around her neck. "If my sister desires it, she shall have her will obeyed. Crystel, dearest, I will remain within call."

She walked across the cell as though she were an empress in her grand saloon, and out into the corridor. Then Annette Willoughby drew her va-

cant chair up to Crystel's cot, and fixed her dull, dead eyes on the girl's bloodless face. "I said I knew you hated me: but not so badly as I hate you." These singular words roused Crystel: in her drifting away from all earthly happiness

it seemed so cruel to wound her thus. Her lips quivered pitifully. 'I know not why you should, Annette. I never have wronged you." But you have, you have!"

The words came in a passionately quick utterance, and Cryste wondered, in her vague way, if the woman were crazy. You thwarted my best friend; you took the man my best friend had almost won

you broke her heart, and then you murdered her-murdered her, they say! She whispered the last words in a horri-

"Yes, 'they say;' but you don't believe it, do you? How can they think I did it?" The dead, dull eyes grew momentarily bright, as the woman replied:
"That is what I came for. I not only

believe you to be innocent, but I know it! I can prove it!" Then Crystel sprung from her cot, her blood dashing madly through her veins; her eyes springing from her head in the rap-turous joy of the moment.

kissed her cold hand again and again. "God bless you, my angel of deliverance! Oh! what can I say, what can I do, to thank you? Take all my jewels, all my property, Edenwilde—every thing, every thing—and then I will be in your debt forever!"

She fell on her knees before Annette, and

Annette flung her pleading, twining hands away, a bitter sneer on her lips. Yes, I can prove it. I know every thing about it; I saw the blow struck, and can lay my hands on the person at any time. Do you hear that, Crystel Roscoe? I can lead you forth as free as the breeze that is lifting your curls! Would you go?"

"Would I go! what mockery! take me

-Annette, whithersoever you will-only take me away from here. You shall be rich, and wear diamonds, and drive in your carriage, only for God's sake free me!"

She wound her arms around Annette's knees in beseeching agony.

Annette laughed outright.
"I say I can do it; but, Crystel Roscoe, unless you give your lover up, P.U not do it!" A scream, loud, piercing, fell from the girl's lips as she reeled a moment, then fainted just as Hellice rushed in to her aid.

"You have done this?" She pointed sternly to Annette, who was going away; she stopped a moment, as she answered: "I think not. She is nervous and weak."

Then she went out, to encounter Bertrand Haighte in the hall. He lifted his head absently as he jostled against her. 'I beg your pardon, madam."

She murmured an unintelligible reply, gazed after him, her foot tapping, tapping on the floor, as if some great inward passion thus found a partial vent.
"Go on your way, Bertrand Haighte! but
we will see if Undine Del Rose shall not be

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW SURPRISE. BERTRAND found Hellice tenderly chafing Crystel's cold hands, and striving to check the heartrending moans that were breaking

What is it, my darling? tell-me, and I will strive to comfort you, though God knows I shall never know myself what that

She smothered his face with her little wan "It was hard before—but it's worse now; oh, Bertrand, it maddens me to know she can prove my innocence, and she won't, be-

cause she hates me—me so!"

Bertrand and Hellice started at her words. What? who can prove it?'

"Annette—but she won't; I begged and prayed; I offered her all, every thing, but she laughed and said not unless I gave you up, my Bertrand."
He sprung from his chair, heedless of her

He sprung from his chair, heedless of her loving caress.

"A sudden light has flashed over me—oh, Crystel, Hellice, go down on your knees and pray as you never prayed before, that at the last He will grant justice!"

He snatched a kiss from Crystel's lips, wrung Hellice's hands, and started on a tearing run after Annette Willoughby.

She had only reached the nearest corner.

She had only reached the nearest corner, when she heard his flying footsteps; and the strange smile, that so illy befitted her pale, faded lips, flitted over them.

"Let him come—to his own destruction! It can make but little difference whether it is to night or a year hence." is to-night or a year hence."
He strove to calm himself as he laid his

"Annette—this is you? You have just left Miss Crystel, and I must see you at once."

"If you wish it, my rooms are near at hand. I am going to them now."

They walked on one or two blocks, and then Annette preceded him up the stairs of a plain, decent house, to a front room, cantily furnished.

He glanced inquiringly around; she fol-

He glanced inquiringly around; she followed his glance.

"Now, Mr. Haighte, I am at your service." She removed her shawl and bonnet, revealing her short, gray hair and sallow neek.

"I need waste no words on preliminary courtesy. I want to know what your authority is in telling Miss Crystel Roscoe that you can prove her imposence, and another the state of the state o

that you can prove her innocence, and another one's guilt?" He spoke sternly and rapidly. "And if I decline to answer y supposition; suffice it that I have my suspicions as to who and what you are. Again, why is the price demanded, my unworthy self?"

A dull red flush suffused her cheeks. Who think you I am?" "A bribed messenger, whose business it has been, since Undine Del Rose took her

to criminate an innocent woman. I believe you received your instructions prior to the girl's decease; who, alive, has bidden you what to do in case of this emergency which she foresaw A sarcastic smile played all over Annette's face.
"Very likely you are right; and when I tell you that I am bound to avenge your wife, you will, with your delightful sense of

own life, to use every means in your power

nonor and chivalry, at once perceive the importance of performing my mission."
He dashed his hands impatiently across his forehead.
"The hours that number my betrothed bride's life are too precious to be wasted thus. I demand your authority on your oath; otherwise I shall summon the police

and arrest you. On the whole, I prefer that plan, anyhow He stepped to raise the window, when the cold muzzle of a pistol touched his temple. He glanced around, and met a pair of demoniac black eyes dancing before his; a mouth wreathed in bitterest scorn and

wildest triumph. For a moment he stood horrified at the sight; then her cool, clear tones fell on his

ears.
"If you think to thwart me after all this time, you are mistaken, Bertrand Haighte! Do you know now why I can prove your "betrothed bride's" innocence? Do you comprehend that for hate and revenge I will not? No! With this revolver on your through and my finger on the trigger, I defy temple, and my finger on the trigger, I defy you! I laugh you to scorn, and bid you go on to the execution day, and see her hung-HENG BY THE NECK, and then remember that I helped to do it! I, your lawful wife! I, your discarded wife! I, whom people think lies dead and buried! I, a living woman, whom Crystel Roscoe shall be hung

or! I, Undine Del Rose Haighte!"
The sharp crack of a pistol followed her shrill words, and Bertrand Haighte fell to the floor, his life-blood streaming over his beautiful hair, and down his still, white face.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LAST ATTEMPT. For a second, Undine-one may as well call her so-stood looking at what she had done; then laying the revolver on the caroet, near where Bertrand lay, she sped down the rear staircase, through the yard, climbed over a pile of lumber, and from thence into a back street. Here she paused for a moment's breathing rest, then walked leis-

urely on toward the river.
"I will take this route to the depot; if I am pursued, I will drown myself, as she did.

It seemed as though her evil genius was protecting her, for she reached the Thirtyfirst station safely, purchased a ticket, not for Edenwilde station, where she eventually intended going, but one several miles be-yond. From this she walked back, reaching the Riverside Lodge just in the dense

Mrs. Hall came down to let her in.

"Since Lida's went off on her goose-chase all the work falls onto me."

"Why, has Lida gone away?"
Undine's tones were expressive of surprise.
"Gone away? I should think so. More fool she. She j'ined that 'ere brother o' your'n somewhere in New York—and you needn't tell me she went off to the city on her own accord: she's got a secret letter

from him, I'll bet—and off they've went, the land knows where."

Undine was perfectly indifferent under all. 'Joe's a good fellow enough, Mrs. Hall,

I'm sure."
"Good or not, I take it he can't be great shakes, enticin' her off so. She was sick when she went, and I shouldn't wonder if I heard of her death next."

Her words suggested a delightful idea to Undine.

Hear of her death? indeed, Mrs. Hall should hear of Lida's death, and thus her tracks would again be covered.

Up in her silent bedroom, Undine lay thinking, thinking, till it seemed her very brain was reeling with the weight of her load, She was angry that she had discovered herself to Bertrand Haighte. Why had she suffered herself to undo the very thing she had been so long doing? only half acknow-ledging to herself that the same flery passions that had led her along, were still so un-governable that they had thwarted her in a

"But he shall not find me! not if I have to take my own life in the presence of the officers whom he may send to arrest me. What shall I do?"

Until the sun was house high she lay thus. lanning how to escape the snare she had

laid for her own feet. Then, when she went down to her break-

fast, she was ready for action.

"Mrs. Hall, you are going out to-day?"

"To The Towers, to help Mrs. Bowen bleach that new piece of linen; and a mean job it is, too. Old Black Moll promised to come and help us hang it up. There ain't a blessed soul at The Towers but Mrs. Bowen and Rachel now; all the maids is down to the trial with the ladies. Poor, dear Miss

Suppose I run down and see where Moll is, as I go to the depot? I only came up in a hurry to get a change of underclothes. Miss Hellice'll expect me back right away. Moll is sick or any thing, she can send somebody else, I suppose?"

"I don't care who, 's long as they can

So, bidding Mrs. Hall and her husband good-by, Undine hurried down the shady garden-walk to a side road that led to a abin on the edge of the estate, where Black Moll and one or two sisters lived.

Moll and one or two sisters lived.

There had been strange talk about this old woman, and people had said she was a witch; others, better informed, knew she pretended to tell fortunes, while a very few, and Undine among them, knew that for money, she would do any thing: hang up a web of linen, or waylay a child that passed her door and rob it of its amulets, perhaps its life—had been whispered darkly, years ago.

But there were no proofs, and the hag was suffered to live along.

Undine did not know this, although she had heard it casually mentioned that old Moll would sell her very soul for money. To this woman, therefore, she went, in her ex-

this woman, therefore, she went, in her extremity, for she fully realized how she was

Undine went in the miserable cabin, and after an hour's interview, there came out a smart young negress, who walked up to The Towers, to help Mrs. Bowen hang up the

Of all her disguises, this was the most perfect. She fairly shrunk from her own self when she saw her reflection in a little cracked glass over Black Moll's table. But it was a fearful game she was playing now. had, perhaps, murdered a human being, and her own life depended on her acuteness

"Remember the terms. I will come here again in a fortnight." 'And don't forgit you leab youah 'fectia-

ous ant Moll in de ole cab'n, July.' The old woman roared out her parting injunction, and the brave girl—for she was courageous—set out to defy the justice she knew was on her track.

"They'll never think of looking for me here. If Bertrand recovers, and can tell the story, I wonder which would be the sweetest revenge: to have him die with the secret locked between his lips and her to be hung for my murder, or have him blazon the truth, and then with no proof to substantiate it, see her choked to death before his eyes, when he knows I am living. On the whole, venturesome as it is, I prefer the lat-One thing is sure as fate: I never will be taken alive, if worst comes to worst! I've a trusty agent here that will relieve me of life in a second."

She touched a small, white glass bead that hung under her dress, tied around her

"I have but to crush the glass in my hand, and the contact of the poison on the spot where the glass cuts the skin is certain death.

A gleam of defiance shone in her eyes a moment; then, as the gray hights of The Towers loomed up closely before her, a bit-

"How I hate this place, that has taken all I ever cared for from me! First he was won by this Lurline, they called her-ah! but it would be a sweet drop of revenge to see Clifford Temple mourning for his sweet-heart, as I have mourned for Ber— the name shall not cross my lips."

Then she walked up into the laundry, and told Mrs. Bowen she came in place of Black Moll, who was sick.

It makes no difference to me, so you can help. Begin at that end—there."
When the work was done that night, she asked if Mrs. Bowen wanted any thing else

done on the morrow. "There's enough to do, dear knows. Can you polish silver, and shine glass? If you can, and can wash and iron, I'll keep you

till the other girls come.' "I can't wash or iron, but I can do the rest. Aunt Moll will do that for you."

"You may's well stay, then. You seem a smart sort of a nigger."

And so a fate that was closing hopelessly over her, though she was all unconscious of it, settled "July," the colored servant, at The Towers.

(To be continued-Commenced in No. 53.)

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ANOTHER STAR!

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Class Romances which characterize THE STAR JOURNAL.

Foolscap Papers.

Local Column from the "Bangtown Smasher," 1840.

WHITEHORN, EDITOR. Terms of this paper 2 dollars per year, in

advance, 3 dollars in retreat, 6 months 5 dollars, 3 months 10 dollars. Advertisements. Butchers', illustrated with euts, 8 dollars a (hind) quarter. Candy-makers', 5 dollars per stick. Births, 2 dollars per square. Marriage notices, with the usual cake, 50 cents a bunch. Notices to unaway bushards accompanied by runaway husbands, accompanied by marriage certificates, 5 dollars a week until said notices compel the husbands to return. Funeral notices of friends we will be glad to

insert for nothing. Puffs, extra-winded, 2 dollars a blow. Scandal, free.

A few more loads of good wood wanted at this office in exchange for subscriptions. We hope to see thirteen copies of this paper in every house in the State, so produce your

Last Sunday, under the influence of one of Parson Alwind's mildest sermons, and the assurance of a blessed repose hereafter, our fat friend, Jones, went to sleep in church as not altogether appropriate for the season, he paused in his discourse and bent his eyes upon the unconscious offender, as did the congregation. Jones' wife in the lull reached, and began jerking at his sleeve, when he spoke out in meeting—"D-arn it, old woman, can't you quit pulling the covers off!"

We have received the following note Whitehorn, you have called me a liar, thief and murderer; please retract the same and charge to my account. Bloodgood." We never retract, but will modify it by saying we are mistaken in the man.

A fine view of our little city by night, the work of our celebrated artist and townsman E. Zelle, can be seen in the north window of the butcher-shop; it consists of lamp-black smeared over a board.

The man who insulted the editor of this paper is not expected to recover. They found all of him except one leg, an arm, and his head. There was hardly enough material left of him to make him a new ear.

The burning of the distillery last week was the saddest loss this community was ever called upon to suffer, and it will be a long time before it will be rectified. citizens did their best to save it, and worked harder at it than they would have done if the school-house had been on fire. Some of the temperance company did good service with buckets of clear sparkling water. A terrible drouth has set in in consequence which is bad on account of the water around here not being very good. Some of our unsuspecting population laid in , good deal of the fluidized corn that night, and got laid

Errata. In the obituary on first page of this paper, for "he was an inveterate drinkread "he was an inveterate thinker 'his benevolence was unfounded" read benevolence was unbounded;" for died detested" read "he died intestate;" for "he has gone to join his fiends" read "join his friends." The compositor who set the notice up was suffering from the late fire, and has been mad for six months because he hasn't got his wages. He gives us a good deal of trouble.

Our new Head looks very neat; it is brass; our old one was common wood.

One day last week a subscriber entered our office, drew a double-barreled pocketbook and paid for his paper. He could not have surprised us more if he had drawn a We thought the man was crazy and doubted the genuineness of the bill, and carried it all around town to see if it wasn't counterfeit, but it was decided to be good. Six weeks before a subscriber did the same thing and his board in the Lunatic Asylum began the same afternoon. We want to invest the last amount we received in U. S. Bonds. Has anybody got some which they want to sell very cheap?

We don't mean to insinuate that the gentleman with ears who edits the weakly horn has no brains, but we will say if he had nothing else to do for the balance of his life he could put the time in very well by hunting for them. Steady employment guaran-

We acknowledge the receipt of a jug of maple molasses from a friend in the country.

We must admit that we were sadly disappointed in it, for we sat the jug on the editorial table, rinsed out our shaving-cup, piped all hands, and poured out—maple molasses! The disappointment was very bit-ter, though the molasses was sweet. There was no more work done in the office that

The slaughter-house on the right of our boilers on the left, are, office, and the soap-boilery on the left, are we are pained to say, getting to be a little too much in earnest to be perfectly soothing; but then, to be an editor and with the editors stand, a man must stand a great many things; so we wear clothes-pins on our nose and do the best we can.

The concert last night at the Hall was very good it is said by those who were there We received a programme, but no compli mentary, and, owing to sickness outside of the family, were unable to attend.

Jake, on the corner, has just received a new stock of chestnuts. Lovers of this celebrated fruit will do well to call on him be fore purchasing elsewhere. We invested five cents in a glass of them, as we couldn't get a glass of any thing else for five cents, and confess that these luxuries are just what they are cracked up to be.

We understand that we are to be kicked, kicked with a cruel boot. Now, whatever made that gentleman think that such a thing was possible we don't know. We are afraid it can't be done—not with our consent, by any means. It is an indignity to which we will not tamely submit, and if that gentle-man attempts it he will find he will ornament an early funeral. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A Dream Prophet-one who swore by his "Dream Book," and had tangible evidence of its truthfulness—is Simon, the Cemetery-keeper. in the brilliant romance, *Hoodwinked*. His whimsical faith, and his odd character will excite many a

JACKS IN OFFICE.

"CIVILITY costs nothing." "Molasses catches more flies than vinegar." Quaint old sayings, but extremely true ones. How many there are in this world who apparently know nothing of either of these wise saws! When, in the confusion attending the beginning of a journey, we innocently inquire of the ticket-seller, "what time the four-o'clock train goes out," or some other question more or less stupid, the official looks at us as if he would like to take our head off without indee or jury and growls out off, without judge or jury, and growls out some surly reply; yet civility costs but lit-tle—nothing, in fact.

There is a legend—we use the term "legend" because the story seems to us fabulous in its nature—that, in one of the railroad depots in Boston, is an office, a man therein, and over the window of the aforesaid office is an inscription which reads as follows: "This clerk is placed here to answer questions."

If the managers of that railroad had lived in the days of ancient Rome, the Senate would have decreed them a medal for their

thoughtfulness The railroad officials, the officers of the Government—post-office, custom-house, etc.
—in fact, nearly all men clothed in a "little brief authority," put on airs—to use the
popular expression—to all who have the
misfortune to be obliged to do business with

One is tempted to approach them hat in hand, and address them, Mark Twain fash-ion, as "Mighty Satrap!" or "Your Serene Highness!

These Jacks in office never seem to realize not their masters. The people pay them The railroad company, Government treasur er, etc., are but the agents who transfer the salary paid by the people for their services. Of course there are exceptional cases the exceptions only prove the rule. Mark the difference between the surly manners of the public officials and the urbane politeness of the gentlemen who attend to the money affairs of our amusements. The latter know full well that their situations depend upon their treating their patrons with courtesy The former, holding their positions by the grace of some powerful official, care nothing at all for those who are obliged to do business with them, and, in a great many cas seem to take a delight in being surly, if not

absolutely impertinent. After a short interview with one of these self-important gentlemen, you feel tempted, like the odd fellow in the old comedy, to

exclaim: "Oh! for an ounce of civility! Nor is the lack of care for the people's good confined alone to the common officials Those swelling in the "pomp and pride of power" oft care as little. It is related that, during a severe snow-storm one cold win ter's night, a train on one of our principal railroads, containing several hundred pas sengers, was blocked in by the drift of the snow. The engine-fire was extinguished and the train could neither advance nor recede. Extraordinary means were needed to release the train. The President of the road was telegraphed to. When the telegram reached him he was at his cozy club-room in New York, engaged with a party of friends in a game of whist. He tossed the telegram aside contemptuously, and remarked that he had hours for business, and would not leave his club for forty trains And so the passengers shivered in the cold cars for hours, while the driving snow whirled, drifted around them, simply because the man who was really paid by them to carry them safely on their journey thought it too great a hardship to sacrifice an hour of his time—spent, too, at the card-table—to look after their comfort.

We are assured that the story is a true one; although it seems almost incredible. These Jacks in office are terrible fellows A man enters their presence feeling that he amounts to something in the world, and, as times go, is a pretty respectable member of society; but the peculiar manner in which he is received takes all that conceit out of

significant object he is. Oh, gentlemen enjoying the sweets of office, remember that you are but mortal! It would be a good idea to adopt the old Roman custom, and have a man stationed at the elbow of each one of these elevated creatures to whisper in his ear: " And you, too,

him, and he soon fully realizes what an in

By such a warning the Romans hoped to recall to the mind of their ruler that from them he held his office and his power, and, like them, was but mortal.

Come, gentlemen, a little civility! The Bull-Fighter is a great character, whose part in the fine story of Hoodwinked, is bound to arrest attention. Fortunate for society that such

A Bad Nobleman, is Lord Hallison Blair-the chief actor in the exciting and singular romance now gracing our paper—Hoodwinked. Such delineations are not calculated to highten our admiration of "noble blood."

BANDBOXES.

"WHAT is home without a mother?" has been the subject of many a song and sketch. Now, I ask you, what is a woman without a bandbox? When you can inhale the effluvia of tobacco, you may know a man is around, and when a vision of a bandbox comes before your gaze, you may feel per-fectly convinced that a woman isn't many miles away. They have been made the receptacle of andirons, brown-bread, cosmetics, diamonds, elastics, forks, ginger-bread, hair-pins, ink-bottles, jews' harps, knitting neepins, ink bottles, jews' harps, knitting needles, liniment, mushrooms, needles, opera glasses, powders, quince preserves, rattles, stewpans, tickets, universal pain-killers, vigors, whalebones, and the X, Y, Z of a woman's paraphernalia. If she goes visiting, or peddling, she'll take her bandbox along with her. Why, she'd sooner give up her ballot-box than her bandbox. I've seen many a man mad enough to eat themselves right up, and swear out in meeting when a woman enters a car as they are just leaving. woman enters a car as they are just leaving, and thrusts a bandbox on them, spoiling their best hat and next best temper. What

is a man compared to a bandbox? When a female gets out of a coach she always is sure to put the bandbox where a horse can place his foot inside of the same. Oh, and don't the hackmen feel like growling when they perceive this specimen of a emale's furniture confronting their gaze? Some women seem to bestow as much care upon them—I mean the bandboxes and not the hackmen-as they would upon a

Now, I believe in bandboxes, for all I've said against them, because they can be made useful. Get a large one, and every trial, trouble and grievance you have, place them in it. If people don't act in a Christian-like manner to you, don't make a to-do about it; don't proclaim it all through the neighbor-hood that so and so said evil about you, for many might suppose they had good reason many might suppose they had good reason to do so. Blazon not forth all your petty annoyances. It will do you no good, and will only impress others unfavorably by making them imagine you to be of a fretful and complaining disposition. It's best to hide them away in your bandboxes. Think over all the blessings showered upon you; mix them in with the annoyances; and after a couple of months, have a regular and, after a couple of months, have a regular woman's rummaging. I'll be bound you'll find out that your blessings will outweigh

all your little disagreeables. When your bandboxes get shabby, don't you put a new covering of real nice paper over them, so as to have them appear more respectable?

Well, we are human bandboxes, every one of us, so let us cover up the bitter speeches with kinder words. Words! What simple things they are, to be sure, yet how differently they can be used, either for good or ill. People should always give an encouraging word to those who are struggling to mount the ladder of fame.

Don't crush out a good scheme with a word of discouragement, or nip in the bud some praiseworthy object by exclaiming, "Oh! it'll never amount to any thing." How do you know until it has been tried?

When girls are engaged, can't you find when girls are engaged, can't you much undreds of meddlesome beings, who have a word to say against the respectability of the bridegroom? Gentle words are by far the most musical and pleasant. Then, why not

use them? Supposing a young fellow, as handsome as Joe Jot, Jr., pays attention to a girl, and he wants an answer to a very important question; if he's good, honest and industrious, don't make him a miserable man by saying "No," but reply in the much sweeter

word, "Yes."

There! I found that little bit of advice in my bandbox, along with numerous love

Grandma Lawless thinks I'd better have a clearing out of the said B. B., but then she is very peculiar. She said to me the other day, "Eve, dear, I can not be many more years with you, and I suppose I ought to be resigned. I wish I could. I don't regret leaving this world, and I should die happy if I only thought I could carry my

bandbox to heaven with me."

Bless her dear, old soul! It was because it was a present from grandpa, and he has rested in the old churchyard many a year On his stone many tears have fallen, but they were tears of love. When grandma goes to join him, I shall always care for that

A Deceived Bride. The daughter of the Quaker City Merchant, whose feet were so interwoven in the snares set by a Nobleman and Family Physician, as depicted in the splendid serial Hoodwinked, is a radiant creation-a Republican Queen who well might excite the envy of the Duchesses, Countesses and Ladies among whom she moved.

GENEROSITY THAT PAYS.

THE Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin tells a pathetic story about a pigeon which became fastened by a long string hanging from its eg to a telegraph wire, on Main street, in hat city. Two or three cruel boys wanted to throw stones at it, but a kind gentleman, telling them not to hurt the poor bird, got a ladder, and carefully unwound the string, and put the frightened, fluttering little creature tenderly into his bosom while he de scended. The next evening he remarked that it had made a much nicer pie than he ex-

There you have the secret of very much of the generosity which is publicly displayed. We know that many a name is put to a subscription list for some charitable object be-cause—it will pay. We have, dozens of times, known persons to take expensive houses, or expensive pews in churches, or boxes in theaters, because a show of wealth brought consideration. We have seen many a man favor and pet another man's children, when at home he is a mean tyrant to his own flesh and blood. indeed, of these visible and ostentatious displays of generosity that, like the pigeon on the wire, we suspect a pie!

A Plotting Physician was the M. D. whos weaker will had to bend to the stronger one of the titled villain whose desperate schemes-as delineated in Mr. Morris' glowing serial-he had to further-a sad instance of the weakness and wickedness of the human nature that is not directed by an incorruptible moral principle.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any mature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We return MS, "Only a Flirtation"—having on hand enough of its particular class of matter. We send author the paper required.—Can not use "A Midnight Tragedy." No stamps.—The three poems, "Rainy Day," "Found Drowned," "Spring," we can not use. No stamps.—Rhyme, "Beautiful Cats," puns at the expense of sense. No stamps.—Will use "The Last Cruise?" and hold "A Strange Adventure" for author's call.—No use can be made of MS, "Mislaid Letter." It is much too long for a sketch. No stamps.—Not available, "Rosemary Hill;" "Unavoidably Reconciled;" "A Peace Offering;" "A Miss as Good as a Mile;" "Hunter John;" "My Friend Bixby;" "Annie's Trials;" "All is not Silver that's White?" "Sixteen and Sixty;" "A Pleasant Wrong;" "The Night Side of Nature."—The several contributions by A. O. R. we do not care for at the prices named, or, indeed, at any price. The poems are not a *alable commodity, being crude.—"A Mystery Explained," not available. No stamps.—Will use "Georgie's Garret;" "Antoinette's Curl;" "False and True."—Miss L. M. R. sends no stamps, and orders her MS, to be left for call in the city P. O. If the MS, is worth preserving the author had better not have it sent to no address, through the post. Send us an address or call at this office for the package.—No use for poems by Ben Brace.—Poem by "Ben Bolt," not available—decidedly crude.—The MS, "Jealousy," we find wholly unavailable and return the same by express, as it came.—MS, "Serpent Maniac," returned, being unavailable and return the same by express, as it came.—Ns stamps.—We return "On the Roof"—having enough of that kind of matter on file.—Will nse poems, "An Odd Story," and "Who's to Blame?"—Poem, "Silent Lyre," is a very sweet tribute to the dead poetess—dear "Lyra Dead," Will give it place.—We can not use "Slander." It is not, according to our apprehension, good enough for our use. It has not one single new idea, nor is there in it any special excellence of narrative. No stamps.—Rhyme, "Cling to Those who Cling to You," is most excellent in sentiment. Wil No stamps.

INQUIRER, Portland, Me. The "Fat Contributor" is A. Miner Griswold, of the Cincinnati Times. He is not fat. The only significance he attaches to his nom de plume, is as a contributor to fat, on the principle of "Laugh and grow fat." He starts shortly on a lecture tour to California.

"Young Ladies of Brooklyn." We forward the letter to the gentleman's address. He is now engaged on another serial for us. We shall not fail to keep up the interest created in our paper by such stories as the "College Rivals." by a succession of love and heart romances of a very pleasing and genial paper.

nial nature.

J. S., Jr., asks various questions, to which we reply: "St, Patrick's biography in brief was given in a late issue of our "Notes to Correspondents." Tobacco was found in Virginia by the arly colonists, and was first introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who became an inveterate smoker, greatly to Queen Elizabeth's annoyance, for the old maid had a great fancy for the gay cavalier, which ended by her having him beheaded, as she "finished" several of her lovers.—Initial stamping, as such, is a modern innovation, the idea being stolen from the Old Missal illuminations.—The gentleman named lives in Brooklyn.—Several of Ned Buntline's finest romances are included in the "American Tales" series, published by Beadle & Co. One of his very best is soon to appear.

J. L. H., Jr. Look at the head of this column for information sought. Count your own MS. if you wish to know its quantity. A column of the SATURDAY JOURNAL contains about thirteen hundred words.

words.

RED STOCKING. Yes. Beadle's Dime Base-ball Player, the new edition, has just been issued. It is the first in the field; contains the New Rules, Averages and Club Records, in fact, every thing pertaining to the noble game. It is edited by Henry Chadwick, and is undoubtedly the standard authority on all base-ball matters. It can be procured of all the newsdealers.

A SUFFREE. The expression "nightmare," is supposed to be derived from Mara, in Old Runic, who was a goblin said to seize upon sleeping men, and take from them sleep and motion, for, in those days, medical science had not made it plain to every one, as it has now, that the goblin in question is simply indigestion. Avoid late and hearty suppers.

indigestion. Avoid late and hearty suppers.

FORTUNE-HUNTER writes regarding "a trip to the diamond fields of South Africa." Don't go. Half the reports that we have from that region are evidently cancards, circulated by interested parties. The latest report is that the diamonds are not "first water." and, indeed, that many of the presumed gems are not diamonds at all, and worth no more than the cheap stones known as Australian and Californian diamonds. Win your diamonds here by hard work and a bold dash for fortune.

E. M. (evidentity a lady by the handwriting), asks:

Californian diamonds. Win your diamonds here by hard work and a bold dash for fortune.

E. M. (evidently a lady, by her handwriting), asks: "Would you advise me to correspond with a person of whom I have but a slight knowledge?" As a general rule, no; but, circumstances alter cases. If you know the person to be worthy of your friendship, there can be no harm in corresponding with him. We take it for granted that there is a gentleman in the case. If you are not certain whether he is worthy or unworthy do not write.

Lettie writes: "A young gentleman has been keeping company with me for quite a while. A few days ago he said that he liked me better than he did any other girl, but he could not afford to be married yet as his salary was not large enough to support a wife. In about three years he expected to be able to get married. He asked me if I was willing to engage myself to him under this condition. I answered that I would think about it. Please tell me the best hing for me to do. I am an orphan and without relatives to advise me." Do not engage yourself to the young man. Long engagements are not desirable. Three years is quite a time. Both of you may change your minds; may see some one else that you may like better than the one who holds the plighted faith. You can still be friends—sweethearts, without an engagement. If you are both true to each other, some lucky chance may render your union possible before the three years expire.

Sombrero. Hats appear to have been first used in A. D. 1400, for country wear, riding, etc. The

your union possible before the three years expire.

SOMERERO. Hats appear to have been first used in A. D. 1400, for country wear, riding, etc. The hatters, however, have a tradition, which goes to prove hat "felting" is much more ancient. They say that, while St. Clement, the fourth bishop of Rome, was flying from his persecutors, his feet became blistered, in consequence of which he was induced to put wool between the soles of his feet and the sandals which he wore. The consequence was, that, by the perspiration and motion of his feet, the wool became completely "felted." as if wrought on purpose. When he afterward settled in Rome, he improved upon the discovery. Hence the origin of felting and hat-making. The hatters in Ireland and in several Carhotic countries, still hold a festival on St. Clement's day. The use of hats is dated by others from the time of the public entrance of Charles the second of France into Rouen in 1449.

C. E. K., Cross Keys. Your subscription expires C. E. K., Cross Keys. Your subscription expires with No. 61.

with No. 61.

GOVERNOR. Mr. Agile Penne is now hard at work upon a romance similar to his serial of "Orange Rell." We shall give it to our readers very soon. Mr. Penne may congratulate himself upon his success with his first serial. From the leuters that pour in upon us by every mail, in reference to "Orange Nell," we plainly perceive that he already ranks as one of the most popular serial writers in the country.

E. M. P. Prussic acid, we believe. Your hand-writing is plain but not handsome. It is good. H. B. F. Consult any dictionary. We can not spare the space to answer your question in full.

Poet. Lord Byron, the poet, was born in Holles street, London on the 22d of January, 1788. He was a student at Cambridge in 1811.

Cato. A prisoner has not the right to speak in a criminal court if he has at the same time counsel to defend him. This law was passed in favor of the accused, in order that he might not contradict himself or his advocate.

FATALIST. Yes; the greatest men that ever lived have been believers in what is called 'Destiny.' The first Napoleon believed that he had a special call to rule Europe. His nephew, the now derbroned Emperor, always believed that he would rule France, and that conviction gave a complexion to his whole course of life. self or his advocate.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear





THE POET'S HOME.

BY H. A. FRANCIS.

Where is the poet's home—
Can you tell?
Where does he love to roam
And to dwell?
Does he, contented, happily abide
Where business throngs on every side?—
Where ever-changing "stocks" are bought and

sold—
Where naught's a thought but 'rise and fall of gold?'
Look there and you will never, never find
Joy, peace and comfort for the poet's mind.

But where's the poet's home—
Can you tell?
Where does he love to roam
And to dwell?
Is it in palaces, laid with marble halls,
Where maid and groom wait patiently his calls?—
Where giddy Fashion sweeps her trailing skirts,
Adored by fops and empty-headed filrts?
Not there; no, not there would he delight
To pass the day, and seek repose at night.

Where then's the poet's home?—
Let me tell
Where he delights to roam
And to dwell;—
He loves not temples made with mortal hands,
More than the felon loves his shackle-bands.
Go'mong the fields, the rivulets, the hills;
Go'mong the mountains, where the eagle builds;—
Wander thro' the woodland, list the wild bird's
song—

song— Watch the nimble squirrel, as it leaps along; Go'mong all these, and you've begun to roam In what the poet deigns to call his home.

Where else is the poet's home?

I will tell

Where else be loves to roam

And to dwel!;

But now I can not bid you go and see,
And watch, and list—no; no, that can not be;
For none but poets' souls can ever pace
The broad expanse of atmospheric space,
Beyond which no one ever failed to find

Mannas furnished for his soul and mind.

None but the poet can in fancy roam
O'er sea and land—through air—they're all his home.

Strange Stories.

THE DEVIL'S DUCAT.

A LEGEND OF MILAN.

BY AGILE PENNE.

In a small inn, that nestled under the shadow of Milan's proud ducal palace, sat a half-score or more of soldiers, drinking merrily. The song and toast went round in

The soldiers all belonged to the duke's body-guard—the Foreign Legion, as it was called by the Milanese—a battalion of veteran soldiers, composed of men of all nations,

tried and hardy warriors.

Duke Alphonse de Visconti, elected at first by the people to rule over Milan as its duke, quietly, under pretense of protecting the city from foreign enemies, enlisted all the soldiers of fortune whose steel gold could purchase, in his service; and when the time expired for which he had been elected, by the aid of his hireling soldiers, he proclaimed himself duke over Milan for-

The citizens rose in revolt and struck va-liantly for their rights, against the traitor who had betrayed the trust reposed in

The struggle was brief but severe. The Foreign Legion made short work of the city-bands, and Milan soon lay prostrate beneath the foot of the tyrant.

At the time that our story opens, the Visconti had reigned supreme over Milan for a year. The Milanese grumbled, but 'twas in whispers. One fate alone, the headsman's ax, awaited those who dared to test the power of the usurper.

Apart from the reveler at the table, sat a

young and stalwart soldier. He joined not with the rest in wild carni-

val, and the look upon his face was stern Two of the wild revelers at the table noticed the silent captain, seated by the huge fire-place, gazing dreamily into the blazing

"Gaetano is in dream-land as usual,"

said the elder of the two, a burly Englishman, known as Talbot.

"Yes, he is seldom otherwise," replied his companion, a dashing French gallant, called Tete de Noir.

"What can be the cause of this settled melancholy?" Talbot asked.
"By my faith, comrade, it would take Satan himself to tell you!" exclaimed the

Frenchman, coughing.
"But, was he always thus?" "Oh, no! there was a time when a wilder gallant than this same silent soldier never drew sword, or kissed the lips of a fair woman. Gaetano and myself served in Flanders together, under the Duke of Alva. He is Milanese by birth."

"Can it be the iron rule of the Visconti pressing so heavy upon his native city that

"No: were that so, the Foreign Legion would soon lose its best captain. Gaetano serves under no banner but of his own free will. He has the making of a great captain in him. I remember, in Flanders once, he held the castle of Tulle against William of Orange, the Silent Prince, who led a thousand men. The great Duke of Alva—a better soldier never lived—publicly complimented him in presence of the whole

army."
"It seems a pity that such a heavy gloom should hang upon his soul," said the Eng-

The two then turned their attention to the Gaetano, sitting by the fire, seemed like a

man in a waking dream.

He was roused from his abstraction by a hand laid upon his shoulder.

Looking up, he beheld a dark-visaged

stranger, wrapped in a sable cloak and wearing a conical hat, also black, from the side of which rose a single, slender, red feather. The face of the man was strange-high cheek-bones, a nose curved like the eagle's beak, and eyes that shone like coals of

A strange shudder came over the stalwart

form of the young soldier as he looked upon the face of the stranger.

"Can I have a word with you, Captain Gaetano?" said the cloaked man, in a peculiar, metallic voice, that grated harshly on the soldier's ear.

'I am at your pleasure," the young man

The stranger sat down on the rude bench by the side of the soldier.
"You are called Gaetano, and your com-

panions add the words 'The Silent.' Do you wish a cure for your melancholy?" and the stranger looked searchingly in the face of the young man.
"My cure is impossible," the soldier re-

plied, dryly.

"Young soldier, you do not know my power. I know the secret that clouds your "Yes."

"Yes."

"I do not love you, and she exclaimed, desperately.

brow. Listen. Over Milan rules the Duke Alphonse, the head of the haughty house of Visconti, a race in whose veins traitor's Visconti, a race in whose veins thator's blood has crept ever since the Flood. The Viscontis are tyrants born, false, and merciless. Like produces like; grapes grow not from thorns; yet, from the false Visconti rose, the gentle Carmola, the fairest flower that ever breathed Italian air, has sprung."

At the mention of the name of the duke's

At the mention of the name of the duke's daughter, the acknowledged belle of Milan, the soldier started, and the hot blood flushed his manly face. The evil eyes of the stranger noted all.

"Foolish boy, you betray your passion in your face at the bare mention of the name of the woman whom you have dared to love, although she is the daughter of a duke and you are but a hireling soldier. Now, mark my words; I can give Carmola

"Yes."

"How? Who are you?".
"I am—" and the stranger pointed mysteriously downward.
"The Evil One!" murmured the soldier,

"Hush! no names!" cried the cloaked man, in warning. "Look at the ducat," and he drew the piece of money from his pocket. "It is a charmed one, and brings luck to its possessor. I'll give the ducat to thee; the ducat will give thee rank, power,

and the woman you love."
"But the price?" "In ten years your soul is mine."
"Never! I will not consent!" cried the

soldier, in horror.
"Patience, and listen," cried the stranger, quietly. "There is a way to escape the penalty. You are at liberty to sell the ducat to another at any time before the expiration of the ten years, but it must be sold at a less price than its value as a simple ducat. You can not lose it, but can sell it, although you are obliged to tell the purchaser the conditions.

"But no one will buy it, knowing the conditions!" "Yes, for he has the same privilege to sell, but it must be at a less sum than he gave, so that in the end, when it is sold for

the lowest coin known, the owner visits me in my palace below." 'But if the possessor of the ducat be kill-"He comes to me straight," and the stranger leered into the face of the soldier.

"You do?" said the soldier, in a sad

voice.
"Yes. I do not know whether he be living or dead. He was only a simple captain in my father's Foreign Legion, but I loved him. Five years ago he disappeared. If he still lives, I love him; if he be dead, my heart is buried in his grave.' 'His name?'

'Gaetano.

The soldier cut the helmet from him. One look, and, joyously, the maid rushed into his arms! The Venetian General was Gaetano! In a few words he told the blushing girl how love for her had urged the soldier to

seize the laurel crown of the conqueror. Then, with a sudden start, as a remembrance shot across her mind, Carmola clung closer to the breast of her lover.

You are in danger," she murmured. "Danger from whom?"

My father!" "Does he dare to brave the power of Venice?" the soldier asked, with a frown. "No, not openly," replied the girl; "you are to be summoned shortly to visit him. As you cross the courtyard the assassins

will spring upon you."
"Do not fear; I will baffle the design." A servant announced the duke.

"Retire, love." Obedient, the girl departed.

The duke entered.
Courteously the soldier received the host who was to play the part of the assassin.
The duke gazed long upon the face of the

Gaetano!" he exclaimed, in wonder "The same, my lord," the Venetian chief

How have you risen to your present rank?" the duke asked.

Then, to the wondering ears of the Vis-

onti, the soldier told the story of the Devil's Ducat, and the compact with the Evil One.

"Is it possible?" cried the duke.

"Behold the proof!" and the soldier showed the ducat. "If you wish I will sell it to you." Then he told the conditions.

Clelly the duke purchased it then turned.

Gladly the duke purchased it, then turned

to depart.
"The air is chill," said Gaetano; "take my cloak."
The duke wrapped himself in the red

cloak of the Venetian and departed. Gaetano sprung to the window, which looked down upon the courtyard. What he had anticipated came to pass. The duke, clothed in the red mantle, was

seen was when he led a party after a number of fleeing outlaws, together with young Ben Cohen.

Ida feared the worst. She dreaded lest her father had been killed. And then Ben —her Ben—perhaps he too had met the same fate! She could not bear the thought, and mounting her horse, had ridden out toward the spot of death, but without making any discoveries. Returning, she could not compose herself, but fastening the door, paced

agitatedly to and fro.
Suddenly Ida gave a start and gazed eagerly out at the window. A single horseman had spurred into view, and for a moment she believed that it was her father. But then as he came nearer she could see through the gloom that it was not; but was a man known as Abner Schultz, one of the vigi-

He rode rapidly up to the door of Wingate's cabin, where he was met by Ida, who eagerly cried:

"What news—what of my father?"

"Bad, Miss Ida; but then not so bad but what it mought be worse, I reckon."

"Speak out—tell the worst—I can bear it!" gasped the maiden, pressing one hand tightly on her heart, as if to still its painful

'Wal, then, he's hurted-purty bad, too, I consait. Sorter run agin'st one o' them pesky horse-thieves, an' got a pistil wound through the side-a bad cut on the head, an'

"Is he alive?" gasped the daughter, sup-porting her trembling frame against the loor-casing.

"Wal, yes; leastways he was when I left him. He told me to come for you, an' bid you not wait a minnit, if you wanted to see him afore he went under. Hyar's a note he sent, for f'ar you'd not b'lieve me," added Schultz, producing a scrap of paper, scrawl-

ed with rude crimson characters.

Ida grasped it and quickly scanned its contents, which seemed as if drawn by a trembling hand, with a pointed stick in letters of blood.

"Daughter, come to me. I am badly wounded. I must see you before I die. Trust Schultz. He will guide you to me. "HARVEY WINGATE."

Where is he?" faltered Ida. "Bout three miles from hyar, at Norton's cabin. Will you go?"

"Yes. Bring my horse from the stable. It is ready saddled. Hasten!"

The borderer speedily brought up the prancing black steed, and assisted the maid-



THE VIGILANTE'S DAUGHTER,

know, young sir, Carmola returns thy passion, and weeps bitter tears when she thinks of the obstacles that separate you from

"I consent; give me the ducat!" cried Gaetano, desperately.
His fingers closed upon the gold-piece; a

shrill laugh rung in his ears, and he sat alone before the fire. It is five years since the night when the soldiers of the Foreign Legion held their wild wassail in the little inn, and the

stranger appeared to Captain Gaetano.

In those five years much has happened.
The Duke of Milan still ruled the helpless citizens with an iron hand. But, though his affairs had prospered at home, abroad illfortune had befallen him. He had become involved in a war with Venice. The army of the Republic, led by a young soldier, sprung no one knew from where, had met the soldiers of Milan and utterly routed them—a result caused by the treachery of two battalions of the Foreign Legion, who

had deserted to the enemy at the first of the The troops of Venice laid close siege to Milan. The terms they demanded were hard ones. First, a certain sum of money; next, the hand of the duke's daughter for the young General of the republic. The Visconti at last consented. The gates were opened and the army of Venice entered the

city.

The bridal night had come that was to wed the soldier of fortune to the heiress of Visconti's line.

The Venetian captain wore the visor of his helmet down. "A vow," he said, never to show his face to mortal till he was a wedded man.'

The rites of the church were over. beat of drums, the trumpet's call, and the loud thunder of the artillery had announced

the triumph of Venice. The bride and groom stood within the wedding chamber. She, a gentle, blue-eyed maid, clad in the white robe of innocence, with orange blossoms twined in her golden hair, but on her face a look of painful resig-nation. He, a stalwart warrior, clad from head to foot in golden mail; his face hid by the closed visor of his helmet. From his shoulder drooped a heavy cloak of velvet "Why so sad, sweet wife?" the soldier

"Shall I speak truth?" the maiden ques tioned.

"I do not love you, and I love another!"

mistaken by the assassins for the soldier. They sprung from their ambush and buried their daggers in his breast. With a hoarse groan of anguish, the Vis-

conti fell prostrate upon the earth. Then the horror-stricken eyes of Gaetano beheld the figure of the fiend rise from the

The mocking laugh of the Evil One rung

The duke had died with the Devil's Ducat in his possession, and his soul was lost for-

As the son-in-law of the Visconti, the soldier of fortune clutched the ducal crown of Milan. He proved a just and able ruler, and the Milanese blessed the day when the false Visconti fell beneath the assassin's

The Vigilante's Daughter. A BORDER REMINISCENCE.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR

IDA WINGATE paced rapidly to and fro in the largest room of the little one-story frame building, her face working with strong emotions, and her hands convulsively clutching the folds of her riding-habit. She was evidently ill at ease, and would frequently pause before the window and gaze eagerly out through the fast-gathering twilight, toward the woods that closely environed the frontier village

Kansas at that time—not so many years since—was truly a paradise for horse-thieves, counterfeiters, and, in short, of the refuse and offscourings of the older-settled States. The law was a dead letter, except that species meted out by one Judge Lynch, and his assistants—a hickory rod, or mayhap a hempen cord dangling from some sturdy

Harvey Wingate-father of Ida-was chosen leader of a band of these regulators, or vigilantes, as they termed themselves, hoping to rid their section of the scourge. Early in the morning of the day preceding that upon which this sketch opens, the vigilantes had started out on a scout, or rather a chase of the marauding band, who had robbed and brutally murdered a peaceful settler some

few miles distant from B-Since then nothing had been seen of Wingste, although a number of rangers had returned, saying that they had had a fight with the outlaws, defeating them with considerable loss. But where Wingste was, they could not tell. The last he had been the man. To the lost a rejected lover, did you? Your father—bah he is dead—I killed him! I, Maurice Crafton, the outlaw chief, the horse-thief, coneyman, murderer, if you will. I can tell it all now, for we will be far from here before daylight, and you will never

en to mount. Then like arrows from the bow they dashed out of the village along the bridle-path that led down through the deep and tangled woods.

"How did it happen?" asked Ida, in a

broken tone. "I don't know, 'zactly, Miss. I was comin' back to the town when I heerd a v'ice a-callin' of my name, an' stoppin,' I see'd that it was the Cap'n. He was too weak to speak much, but I manidged to git him astraddle o' the horse, an' started to bring him home. But the joggle worried 'im powerful, an' so I had to leave him at Norton's. We brung him to, an' then he rit that note an' sent me

"Did you hear or see any thing of-of Ben Cohen? Wal, yes-but ee's hung," evasively re-

plied Schultz. "Tell me-quick!"
"He's dead."

A low groan of bitter agony broke from the maiden's lips, and reeling in her saddle, she rocked forward as if about to fall. But then rallying, she urged her horse on at a pace that sorely tested the speed of the other, to maintain its distance.

The moon had arisen and cast its dim weird light down through the forest as the two riders sped rapidly along the narrow bridle-path. Presently a bright light came in view from a cabin on the edge of a small

clearing.
"See! thar's the shanty," cried Schultz. The girl did not answer, and in another moment they drew rein beside the rude porch or veranda. Schultz sprung to the ground and assisted the trembling maiden to alight. Ida sprung hastily forward and opened the door, entering the lighted

room.

A startling sight met her gaze. The room was half filled with rough-looking men, thoroughly armed, bearing the unmistakable marks of a recent conflict. Before her stood a tall, lithe man, young and not ill-looking, naturally, but with a malignant smile upon his face that rendered it repulsive

sive.
"Maurice Crafton—where is my father?" faltered Ida, shrinking back with a gesture of loathing, feeling that she had been the

victim of treachery.

"Ha! ha! Miss Ida," sneeringly laughed the man. "You little thought you were coming to visit a rejected lover, did you? Your father—bah he is dead—I killed him! I, Maurice Crafton, the outlaw chief, the horse-thief, coneyman, murderer, if you will I can tell it all now, for we will be far from here before daylight, and you will never

have a chance to betray my secret, for you go with us. As my bride—ha! ha! A glorious wedding it will be!"

Ida turned to flee through the still open

door, but the burly form of Schultz barred the way. She was netted! It seemed as though nothing could save her from the power of the demon who stood before her so exultant at the success of his ruse.

It was the old, old story. A fair maiden beloved by two men, widely differing in moral character; in everything save wearing human shape. Ben Cohen was a brave young man, true-hearted and honest-souled. He loved Ida and had won her confession. He loved Ida, and had won her confession

that the sentiment was reciprocated.

Maurice Crafton was a stranger to all when he first came to the little border settlement. He "squatted" on a section of ground and began improving it. He had plenty of money, seeming to be an honest and respectable man. He also learned to love Ida Wingate.

He avowed his love, and was rejected. Then, one day, he made a brutal assault up-on Cohen, receiving as a reward a most un-merciful thrashing. After this he left the neighborhood, and was seen no more for nearly a year.

In truth he had all along been the leader of a gang of outlaws who had proved such a scourge to the surrounding country. Ab-ner Schultz was one of his spies, who had joined the vigilantes, the better to serve the cause of his chief and comrades.

Being defeated by the regulators, and re-cognized during the struggle, Crafton had effected his escape, and resolving to flee to a safer field of operations, determined to take Ida with him. Schultz had easily discovered that Wingate had not yet returned home, and had concocted the black plot that had thus far proved so successful.

"It is useless; you need not hope to escape me, my pet," added Crafton, as he noted this action, and advancing, he grasped

"Unhand me, coward!" cried Ida, fully aroused by her danger. "Men, will you see him insult a woman in this manner?" The brutal wretches only chuckled.

"No use, I tell you, so you may as well submit quietly. If you do not, I will have to use force, and that would be far from pleasant to both of us. Come, now—won't you salute your devoted husband that is to be? No? Then I will take it myself."

The villain clasped her in his arms and The vinant clasped her in his arms and strove to pollute her lips with a kiss. But writhing from his grasp with a long shriek, Ida raised her whip and struck him a bitter blow across the face. The tough, ithe rawhide cut cruelly, and the blood began to ooze slowly from the discolored welt as the outlaw staggered back with a hoarse curse

of rage and pain. What he might have been led to do by his wild anger can not be told, for at that moment there came a quick rush of ironshod hoofs, and a moment later, ere the surprised outlaws could collect their wits, the door was dashed open and a tall, gray-haired man sprung inside with drawn revolver. It flashed, and with an agonizing cry of deathpain, Maurice Crafton fell to the floor, shot

through the brain. Other forms now entered, and there ensued a brief but bloody and horrible melee. Then all was still save the moans and sick-

ening gasps of the dying.

The last remnant of the outlaw band had been annihilated, and the vigilantes were triumphant.

Their tale was soon told. Wingate and Cohen had hotly led the pursuit after a portion of the gang, to a retreat among the hills, and had only conquered them after a long and desperate struggle. Then return-ing, they had heard the cry of Ida, and re-cognizing her horse, had made the assault

with the result as detailed We need only add that Ida, in due course of time—which was marvelously shortened by the ardent pleadings of the lover—became Mrs. Ben Cohen, and still lives in the flourishing town that marks the spot where stood the little village, "twenty years ago.

Lu's Masquerade.

BY MARY REED CROWELL. It was a charmingly pretty costume Lu Merril had selected, one that seemed invented purposely to set off her *petite* beauty; and cousin Frank, lounging carelessly on

the sofa in the dining-room, as she came dancing in, smiled approvingly.

Frank Avery was a tall, graceless sort of fellow, with plenty of money that he was wickedly lavish of, with a certain gay, winning way about him that all the girls liked. He was a most perfect dancer; so was Lu, and that is why they usually went together to the balls and socials that were of frequent occurrence in Nostretap during the winter. "I like that, Lu. The little hat especially is so jaunty; only it is a shame for your pretty, face to be covered with a hid-

He looked very earnestly at her—he often had, of late, when he paid her some little compliment, but Lu whirled laughingly

away.
"Isn't my face beautiful, now? Frank,
"Isn't my face beautiful, now? Frank, you might know I shall wear a mask to save the senses of all the susceptible little boys like yourself. But, just give your serious attention one moment, while I tell you that Georgie Graham has sent word she wanted to go to this ball at the Arepo House, and owing to some misunderstand-ing, Fred Arlington and she are at outs. She wants to go with us."

Frank frowned. I hate three, awfully!" "Because you are selfish. But, Georgie can go in our carriage just as well as not, even if you have to walk."

"Thank you!" Was there a tone of ill-concealed anger in the words? Lu was sure of it, and in a pretty, penitent little way, laid her hands on Frank's handsome head.

"Don't be angry, coz; indeed I thought you liked Georgie Graham first rate, and would enjoy her society. If you say so, Frank, I'll send word to her."

How pretty she was, with her scarlet cheeks and floating golden-brown bair, that waved in flossy softness over Frank's face, and sent strange shivers all over him. Frank Avery took her hands in his own, and the blushes flooded Lu's cheeks as he

kissed her—he never before had done so.

"Lu," he whispered, through the floatingflow of hair, "I was hoping to have you all
to myself, not because I am selfish, but because I love you so. Didn't you think I
loved you?" drew her tightly down to his breast and

He held her proud little head down against

him, and looked in her eyes that were serious enough now.

There was a little quiver on her lips, too,

as she struggled to free herself.

"Oh, Frank Avery! I have never dreamed of such a thing! I knew you liked me—and I thought you knew I—I—"

"It is not that you love some one else?" His hoarse voice almost frightened her. Was this merry, saucy Frank Avery, who never seemed in earnest about any thing? this sternly tender man, whose will was written on every lineament of his features? "Oh, Frank!"

Troubled tears rushed to her eyes, and she put her hands entreatingly toward

With a stern shake of his head, he motioned the tiny white flakes away.
"No! you've a perfect right to bestow your love on whomsoever you will. I was

He walked suddenly out from her presence, and poor little Lu, disregarding the elegant golden and scarlet costume, laid her head on her arm and cried.

The spacious auditorium of the Arepo House was througed with a motley crowd; the galleries filled with delighted spectators, and the private boxes afforded a good view of the magnificent panorama on the danc-

Every nationality was represented: all sorts of grotesque monstrosities were in full regalia; lords and countesses, princes and Indian queens, fairies and monkeys, bears and peasant girls, promenaded the arena.

Gliding in and out among the dancers, Ltu Merril's vivid searlet and golden costume was more than carling sides.

tume was more than ordinarily conspicuous, while, frequently by her side, was Georgie Graham's velvet and green,

From under his mask, Frank Avery gloomily watched the graceful little woman he loved so well; and yet he avoided her. Since that morning when Lu had almost told him she loved another, he, in his stern impetuousness, had rushed from her presence, and till now, had not seen her.

He was not enjoying himself very much,

because he was hurt, vexed, and not a little mortified. It was the first offer he ever had made; Lu was the first girl he ever had loved, and he had failed with her.

Away down in his heart he was very sore; it had been such a delicious dream to think of the time when Lu, dear, dainty, little Lu would be his very own; and now, some other fellow—how he hated him, whoever, wherever, whatever he was—would win and

Then, smarting under the whip of jeal-usy, mortified anger, and wounded pride, Frank came to the conclusion that Lu was not the only pretty girl in the world; very likely another could appreciate what she did not; for instance, Georgie Graham there, in the bewildering dress of silver tissue and brilliant emerald fringe, that just displayed the most dainty of ankles.

Lu had said Georgie had quarreled with Fred Arlington. Frank had heard of hearts being caught in the rebound; and, after all, he really liked the looks of the lady in green and silver better than the one in scarlet and gold. Frank came to the conclusion that Lu was

So his spirits returned in full tide—an unnatural flow of merriment they were—and he went up to Georgie Graham, the charming Neapolitan lady, in the silver and green; and, in carnival style, graceful though speechless, asked her hand for the Lanciers then forming

After the Lanciers he took her to her seat; then, in some darker corner, where the gallery cast a convenient shadow, they

'Miss Georgie, you know me?"
She started a trifle, possibly sur

She started a trine, possibly surprised at his recognition; then he heard a little laugh. "Oh, yes! Mr. Avery!"

"I did not think you knew. I imagined only very dear friends could read these masks; that is why I was certain you were Miss Graham."

His voice sounded slightly unnatural to

His voice sounded slightly unnatural to himself; but he remembered how oddly voices will sound under a mask.
Her hand lay lightly on her knee, and Frank took it in his own.

"Georgie, I am going to let this ball decide my destiny. Will you brighten it by being my wife?"

"Do you love me. Mr. Aven."

Do you love me, Mr. Avery?" She spoke lowly; he just caught the words. I thought you cared for Lu."

"I confess I did, Georgie; but she doesn't love me, I am sure. Can you? will you?"

"Frank, I will—I do! I always did."

"Despite Mr. Arlington!"

"Despite Mr. Arlington!"

So they were hetrothed and did.

So they were betrothed, and she wore on her finger a tiny little ring Frank carried on his watch-chain; one he had bought for Lu. That night Frank was wild in the excess of his spirits; once he danced with Lu, but neither spoke a word; and when the hour for unmasking came, Lu and Georgie had

Later, when the crash of the music was silent, the glare of glittering costumes gone from his feverish sight, and Frank lay sleepless on his bed, watching the dim light burn-ing so steadily in the window of Lu's room in the other angle of the house, he viewed

the matter in its true light. He had been wickedly hasty; he had committed himself to a girl he cared not a straw for; he had gained from her the con-fession that she loved him, when he never could return that love

What was to be done? Poor Frank! he was verifying the adage of sinning in haste and repenting at leisure. But, with all his impulsiveness, all his rashness, Frank Avery was a young man of good general principles, and not a bit of a coward; so he concluded, by the time it grew light, to see both ladies and arrange

He would go to Lu first, and tell her all, and ask her once again.

Just after breakfast, he walked into the

parlor, where Lu was making her masqueade suit up into a package to send back to lay about her on the floor and table,

and Frank fairly screamed out when he saw it. He gave a rapid glance at her hands, then caught her in his arms. "Lu! Lu! my precious darling, can it be? I came to take back what I foolishly

said last night to the lady in silver and green; but, if it was you, oh, Lu, how

Lu leaned her head on his arm.
"Georgie and I changed suits on account
of that quarrel of hers with Fred, and I never thought the difference it would make to me. Besides, dear Frank, you are such an awkward fellow! The other morning I was only confused at your sudden declara-tion; I don't think I told you I cared for

any one else. I said, 'I thought you knew-' and then you stopped me. I was going to say I thought you knew how I always had

She smiled in his face—it was solemnly tender now as he gazed down at her.
"And I came so near losing you! I owe

it all to you, my darling."
"Or my masquerade," she said, gayly.

The White Witch:

THE LEAGUE OF THREE, A STRANGE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. AUTHOR OF "HEART OF FIRE," "WOLF DEMON, "SCARLET HAND," "ACE OF SPADES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CLUE. HARDLY had Pipgan's hand touched the vail that concealed the features of the mysterious woman, ere he felt a strong arm around his throat and he was dragged backward to the ground.

The woman darted into the carriage; the driver on the box whipped up his horse, and the carriage rolled off at a furious rate of speed. Pipgan did not succeed in seeing the face of the mysterious woman whom he had tracked so long and patiently

The Englishman, attacked from the rear and taken by surprise, was carried to the pavement almost without resistance. A moment only did the unknown, who had made the attack so suddenly, enjoy his

triumph, for with one of the sudden wrestler twists with which but an hour or so before he had set at naught Montgomery's superior strength, Pipgan freed himself from the grip of his assailant, and catching the stranger by the legs, tossed him over in a

stranger by the legs, tossed him over in a heap upon the ground.

Then Pipgan sprung to his feet, but, as the struggle had taken up some little time, the carriage had disappeared in the distance.

With a cry of rage, the Englishman realized that his prey had escaped him.

A little knot of the drivers surrounded Pingan and his antagonist, who was slowly the content of the content of the drivers.

Pipgan and his antagonist, who was slowly picking himself up, considerably astonished at his sudden downfall. Quite a number of carriages stood by the

"Look-a-here! what did you throw me over for, say!" demanded the fellow that Pipgan had upset so easily, in rising wrath.
"What did you pull me over for?" cried
Pipgan, his blood up, and nettled at the es-

cape of the woman 'Cos I wanted to," said the fellow, roughly. "Now you jest 'poligize or I'll hurt you, some!" and the man approached the

Englishman, menacingly.

"Did that woman pay you to hold me, you cursed fool you?" cried Pipgan, in an-"Wot's that to you! Who do you call a fool, say, you mush-head?" retorted the

man.
"Let's have a ring! fight it out!" cried one of the bystanders, in delight at the prospect of a row.

"Give me fair play and I can whip a doz-en like this fool, who poked his nose into other people's business!" exclaimed Pipgan, who now had a great desire to thrash the

"Why, I kin eat you up!" said the man, sarcastically, and indeed he looked big

enough to.
"Try it!" cried Pipgan quickly, and as
he spoke he put up his hands in a manner,
one of the bystanders afterward said was,
"werry scientific"

The big assailant and the little English man faced each other; the stranger swing ing his long arms around like a windmill the Englishman advancing and retreating on his toes like a dancing-master.

The man made a rush at his nimble antagonist, striking right and left with tremendous force, but, the strength of his blows were wasted on the air. Pipgan, quick as an eel, dodged the sledge-hammer blows, slipped under the arm of the other, and before he could turn, put in first the "right" and then the "left" on the brawny throat of the giant, and the result of which was, the man

went into the gutter, all of a heap.

The Englishman had won, for the man quietly said that he was "satisfied."

"Lay low; here's a perliceman!" cried one of the lookers-on, cautiously.

The hint was enough, and the "meeting"

The Englishman, walking up Broadway, cursed his ill-luck. cursed his ill-luck.

"Now, if this ain't awful!" he ejaculated in disgust. "I thought I had a dead sure thing, and this precious cove, that I've just polished off, had to come in and spile it. It's been an awful run of luck to-day."

Mentally, Pipgan asked himself how he could recover the lost scent. Vainly he thought. He could not hit upon any device.

'If I ever see her again, I'll know her, I'm sure of that," he muttered. "I'll never forget those hands or the little ring. I'm going to find her; I'm sure of it, but I can't ll how, though.

Pipgan proceeded up Broadway at a rap His steps were keeping time with busy thoughts passing so quickly across

'How odd this whole affair is!" he ex How odd this whole analy is: he ex-claimed, communing with himself as he hurried onward. "I hadn't any idea that this Countess of Epernay, as she calls her-self, knew Mr. Montgomery. There's an self, knew Mr. Mongomery. Incres an awful deep game in it, somewhere. I must keep my eyes upon her. But, how the devil is it that this vailed woman, who calls herself the White Witch, knows anything about it, and why does she warn Mr. Montgomery Oh! what a lot of riddles there are here and Pipgan looked around him in despair as if he expected to find a solution of the mystery in the silent houses, or the motionless

stones of the street. "How she knows, I can't guess; that's a thing or two beyond my wits, and they ain't generally considered dull ones, either. Now, why does she tell Montgomery? Oh!" and possible solution of the mystery occurred to the Englishman.

"She loves him! that's as plain as the nose on my face! She loves him and she nose on my face! She loves him and she wants to save him from his enemies. I've got the tail of the rat now!" and Pipgan rubbed his hands together, gleefully. "I think I can see my way out of the hobble. All I've got to do is to find the girl that loves Mr. Montgomery, and at the same time that I discover her, I discover the White Witch. She has escaped me to night but Witch. She has escaped me to-night, but she shan't escape me to-morrow."

gan's mind. A thought that made him knit his brows in wonder.

The White Witch warns Montgomery not to love this Leone, and yet, in the same breath, tells him that this girl loves him. Now that's mysterious. She asked him, too, if he knew the relations that exist between Lionel O'Connel—pretty name, pity 'tain't his own "—and Pipgan laughed, quietly— "and this girl, Leone. I rayther think I could give the young man all the information on that point that he wants; but, I'm afraid it would worry him some. Talk about tangled up affairs; if this one don't beat any thing that I ever heard of."

Then Pipgan walked on for a few paces in silence

in silence.

"I wonder if I could see Mr. Montgomery to-night?" he said, suddenly, and then, as if the wish had been a potent spell, he saw Montgomery coming down the street.

"Did you succeed?" asked Montgomery,

eagerly, as they met.
"No," replied Pipgan.
"It was my fault then; I detained you; but for that unlucky mistake you might have succeeded. I don't know where my wits were. I never thought, even for a single interest that gle instant, that it was you who had played the spy upon the interview between this mysterious woman and myself; yet, just before the woman came, I was wondering where you were," said Montgomery, in degrain

'Oh, no!" cried the Englishman, quickly "it wasn't your fault. I found out from the policeman at the gate which way she had gone. She got on a Broadway car; I followed her; then she took a Sixth avenue car to the Astor House; there she took an omnibus up Broadway; got out at Union Park, and there gave me the slip by getting into a carriage and driving off."

"Could you not follow her?"
"No; she had a little game fixed to stop
ne. I suppose she discovered that it wasn't much use to change from the cars to the 'bus, because I could do that, too—you see, sir, I was unlucky enough to let myself be caught watching her. So she arranged a nice little plan to throw me off the track Just as she was getting into the carriage, I rushed forward and snatched the vail from her face; it was the only thing I could do, you know, because I knew the dodge game was up, for I hadn't money enough to charter another wehickle to keep up the chase; and I was too tired to think of running after

"You took the vail from her face?" asked Montgomery, eagerly.

"Yes."
"Then you saw her features?"
"No; she darted into the carriage, and a beast of a driver, that probably had had a tip from her to stop me, caught me by the throat and tumbled me over like a sack of the stop of the time I get on my feet the

wheat. By the time I got on my feet, the carriage had got out of sight."

"She probably paid the fellow to stop you," said Montgomery, thoughtfully.

"Exactly, and I paid him with a couple of hot un's under the ear," said the Englishmen, in a tone of extreme satisfaction. man, in a tone of extreme satisfaction.
"What! you fought with him?"

"Bless you, it warn't a fight!" exclaimed Pipgan, contemptuously; "he was a big fellow, but no match for me. Why, I've put on the gloves with Jem Mace himself across the water, you know."

Then you have not been able to gain any information as to who or what this mysterious person is?" Montgomery said. "Oh, yes, I have!" replied the Englishman, quickly. "I lay two to one that I find out who she is before a week is over."

"You have a clue?"

"Yes; I saw her hand, and a ring on her

And can such a triffing discovery as that

aid you?" Montgomery asked, in wonder.
"Triffing? Why, I've known a little di covery like that to hang a man," replied Pipgan, quickly.
"Within a week you say?"

"Yes; but, governor, I want some ment money," the Englishman said. "I've got "N to put on my swell togs again to-morrow."
Pipgan was dressed in a rough, dark suit.

"Very well; how much?"

"Oh, a few hundred. I say, governor, I heard all that vailed woman said about the League of Three-And do you believe that it exists?"

asked Montgomery, quickly.

"Well, I don't know," replied the Englishman, thoughtfully. "Queer things happen in this world. But, what I was going to say was, do you want me to find out the truth about the League if I can?"

Yes; do so, by all means," exclaimed Montgomery. 'All correct. I've an idea that, in following on the track of the White Witch, I shall also stumble on the League. By the way, Don't be offended, because it's business. Is there a girl that thinks a great deal of you

Yes; you heard what the vailed woman said. About Miss Leone?"

But, is there another girl?"

"Well-" Montgomery hesitated, "I am not sure that there is any one else cares

But you have a suspicion?" What's her name?" Agatha Chauncy.'

And her residence?" Montgomery gave it, and Pipgan noted it lown in his memorandum-book Why do you wish to know this?"

It's only a suspicion, governor, that's Will the money be ready to-morrow?"

And so the interview ended.

CHAPTER XXXII. O'CONNEL'S GAME.

LIONEL O'CONNEL was seated in the lux-uriantly furnished parlor of the Chauncy It was early in the afternoon, and the warm sun was streaming in freely through

the windows. O'Connel glanced around him with an air

of intense satisfaction.

"This isn't bad," he murmured, pulling the ends of his long mustache, reflectively, as he spoke. "Everything is rich and costly. I wonder if it is my fate to come into this? I suppose it will go to Franly. I wonder if it is my fate to come into all this? I suppose it will go to Frances; but, stay, there's the other sister, Agatha. Now, I wonder which of the two owns the property. If I remember rightly, I heard Roche say that the estate of the father was not to be divided until the father was not to be divided until he shan't escape me to-morrow."
And then another thought came into PipAnd then another thought came into Pip-

a beautiful girl and plenty of money. All for Tulip Roche, eh?" and O'Connel laughed, quietly to himself, as he spoke.

"Oh, no!" he murmured, with decided emphasis; "my dainty little Tulip has money enough already. Let him look elsewhere. Frances is not for him" where; Frances is not for him.

Then a thought occurred to O'Connel, and he laughed outright at it.

and he laughed outright at it.

"How cleverly I have used these two men to pull my chestnuts out of the fire, like the cat in the fable. A League of Three, aha! and to me the chief of the League, all the benefit! It is the way of the world; to one, all; to the rest, nothing. How cleverly I put the ten-thousand-dollar bond into my nocket on the night when bond into my pocket on the night when Tulip and I astonished Montgomery, and no one the wiser for it. So far my schemes have all succeeded. Now I must deal Roche a blow. I've crushed Montgomery from a blow. I've crushed Montgomery from my path; he was a giant. Roche is a pigmy compared to Angus Montgomery, so I'll brush him away. A few words in the ear of my proud Frances, and Tulip Roche will never set foot within these doors again. I am the master, and these men are my tools, which, after use, I cast away. Power! there is no power in this world like that that comes from brains and nerve."

Then O'Connel's meditations were cut

Then O'Connel's meditations were cut short by the rustle of a silk dress. A smile lighted up O'Connel's face as he

listened to the sound.
"She is coming," he murmured; "a few minutes will decide."

Frances entered the room. Dressed in a robe of azure silk, she looked prettier than ever.

O'Connel rose and bowed gallantly as she

approached.

"I am glad you have called," she said, a smile on her face as she gave him her hand. Then she sat on the sofa by his side.

O'Connel had always been a great favorite with Frances. His brilliant, dashy way; the delicate homage that he paid to her beauty and accomplishments—all had their influence upon the mind of the blonde

beauty.

"Now you can hardly guess how delighted I am to hear you say that!" he exclaimed, in his lively way.

"Indeed?" replied Frances. "Well, then, to please you, I'll say it every time that you cal!"

'What! whether it be the truth or not?' But it will always be the truth or not?"
But it will always be the truth," Frances retorted, with one of her brightest smiles.
"Ah, you must not speak in that way or I shall enter the list with Mr. Roche, and he'll find me a desperate rival!" exclaimed O'Connel, watching the face of the girl keenly as he make.

keenly as he spoke.
"I don't understand what you can possibly mean," said Frances, with a look of apparent astonishment, and a slight blush swept rapidly across her face.

"Why, I thought that—that is, I mean that I head that Mr. Roche was going to follow Mr. Montgomery's example. Frances bit her lips at the mention of

Frances bit her tips at the mention of Montgomery's name.

"Follow his example!" she said, as if in doubt. "What'do you mean? lose all his money—I believe that Mr. Montgomery has lost all his money, hasn't he?"

"Nearly all, I believe," O'Connel replied; but I did not mean that. Instead of losing he is going to gain; gain what poets call a

he is going to gain; gain what poets call a

'Indeed?" "Yes, a great treasure."
"Why don't you explain? You are a horrid tease, Mr. O'Connel," said Frances, pouting in assumed anger.

"Oh, am I? Well, I never was accused of that before, but Fil relieve your anxiety.

The treasure is a wife." 'Mr. Mont Both Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Roche."
'I understood that Mr. Montgomery was

engaged, but Mr. Roche—"
"And really were you not aware of his engagement?" asked O'Connel, in amaze-

'Really?" repeated O'Connel, as if unable to credit his hearing.
"Yes, really. Why should you think otherwise?" Frances asked, unable to guess

the reason for the question.
"Well, that is certainly very strange said O'Connel, apparently greatly astonish-

What is very strange? "Why, that you should not know that Mr. Roche was engaged." "How could I know it?"

"You should know it, for you are the lady that report says he is to marry," said O'Connel, and as he spoke he watched the effect of his words with great interest.
"Mr. Roche engaged to me!" Fr was annoyed at the news. She had not seen Tulip since the day when he had visited her with Stoll. He had called thrice to see her,

and each time she had been out. "Does he say so?" asked Frances, an angry thought taking possession of her mind that, perhaps, Tulip had boasted that she would now come back to him, since Montgomery had broken faith with her. The thought was wormwood to the girl. "I-I-" and O'Connel hesitated, in great

confusion. "Mr. O'Connel, I ask you as a friend, to tell me the truth. Has Tulip Roche reported that I was engaged to be married to him?" asked Frances, a bright red spot burn-

ing in her wax-like cheeks.
"My dear Miss Francis, consider the position that you place me in," said O'Connel earnestly. "Consider if I answer the question, I may betray-I say may, mind, I do not say that I will—but I may betray the man that I am proud to call my friend." Frances looked at O'Connel's face for a

moment in silence. You need not answer the question, Mr. O'Connel," she said, at length. "I will not ask you to betray the confidence reposed in you. I am glad that there is one man in the world that respects friendship. I read the

truth in your face." I hope that you do not believe that-' O'Connel paused in the midst of the sen-

I will not ask you any questions. I am satisfied," Frances replied, meaningly. "I do not know what you have heard, but I trust that you will believe me when I say that I am both heart and hand free." O'Connel bowed.

"It is a foolish matter, I suppose, to be annoyed about, but it does annoy me," Frances said, pettishly.
"Ah! I wish—" and then he paused in

What do you wish?" she asked, softly. "That I had the right to protect you from all such reports," he said, firmly. Frances, with a grateful look, thanked him for the speech, and then, with a half-blush, cast down her eyes. She read something in his earnest gaze that she had never thought of before.

"Have I your permission to contradict this report?" he asked, softly.
"Yes," she replied, raising her eyes again to his. "I have not even seen Mr. Roche for some time. If I remember rightly, the last time I saw him he called here with Mr. Stell, yes I was a large and the same a Stoll; yes, I am sure that was the last time. I am sure, because they told me about Mr. Montgomery's engagement with some with some French lady, and you and Mr. Montgomery and the lady—I suppose it was the lady he was engaged to, for she looked like a foreigner - drove past the house that fore-

"Eh!" and O'Connel looked astonished. "Were you told on that day that Mr. Montgomery was engaged to the Countess of Epernay ?-that is the name of the French

lady."
"Yes, of course," and Frances wondered at the question.
"There's some terrible mistake here.
Who told you?"

"Mr. Stoll; and when I wondered at it, he appealed to Mr. Roche, and he confirmed it," said Frances, who began to have a dim suspicion that she was going to hear some-

thing unpleasant,
"I can't understand it at all!" exclaimed O'Connel, in wonder. "Why, my dear Miss Frances, when they told you that Montgomery was engaged to the lady, he hadn't been acquainted with the lady but a few hours. It was about eleven o'clock that day when I met Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Stoll, day when I met Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Stoll, and Mr. Roche on Broadway. They had told Mr. Montgomery about the beautiful unknown, as they called her, and knowing that I was acquainted with the lady, Mr. Montgomery asked me to give him an introduction. I did so; then we went out in the carriage through the Park, and then home. Montgomery and I left the lady together. So you see at the time that they get the story and the story of the gether. So, you see, at the time that they reported that he was engaged to her, he hadn't even been alone with the lady."

This disclosure came upon Frances like the shock of a thunderbolt. She saw that she had been deceived, and she guessed at once that Tulip Roche had forged the story in order to separate her from Montgomery.
Frances' face first grew white and then

red. Her rosy nails were busied in the snow-white palms. She bit her lips to keep back the angry words that rose from her O'Connel watched the young girl's face narrowly, yet apparently he saw nothing. He read her thoughts in the varying expres-

sion of her face.

He laughed to himself. Tulip Roche now would never win Fran-

He felt as if the game was in his hands already.
"I can not understand the reason for such a deception," O'Connel said, after a long

pause.

"I can," replied Frances, raising her head slowly. "They accomplished their purpose. It was a noble act; only a gentleman"—and bitter was the tone in which she pronounced the word—"would have thought of such a device. But is not Mr. Montgomery engaged to this lady?"

"Yes, but it was only yesterday that the engagement was made."

"Yesterday?" Frances said, mechanically. Her thoughts were far away. Again she saw Montgomery stand before her in the gloomy parlor; again the scene of

the gloomy parlor; again the scene of separation came back to her memory.

How bitterly now she regretted her words. But the deed was done. Montgomery and she were as strangers to each other. Her own lips had decreed it.

"By the way," said O'Connel, as if anxious to change the conversation, "I've had some good news lately from across the "Indeed!" said Frances, with an effort rousing from her abstraction; "I'm glad of it."

'I felt sure that you would be," he said. "I felt sure that you would be," he said.
"My elder brother, whose temper drove me from home, is dead, and all his property comes to me. My lawyers write that it will realize about ten thousand pounds; that's over fifty thousand dollars in our money have."

"You will still remain in New York?"
"Oh, yes!" he answered, quickly: "there is a tie that binds me to this city. There is something here—a jewel of great value—that I crave. When I was only a poor journalist, I did not dare to hope to win it, but now, perhaps, there is a chance for me." Frances blushed at his earnest words and still more earnest eyes. She guessed that she was the jewel.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 49.)

The Avenging Angels:

THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO. A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN

CHAPTER X. THE PRAIRIE ROSE.

THE moon was now high and bright in the heavens, casting its cold, clear radiance over all nature, and bringing out in bold relief every object within the range of sight. Kenewa, however, moved about without any hesitation or caution. He knew that at all events the upper part of the rock was deserted, and that he had time to lay his plans, whatever they might ulti-His gun was drawn from its hiding-place

and the priming carefully renewed.

Then casting it into the hollow of his arm, the Huron brave began his descent. The path was narrow and tortuous, in places almost precipitous, everywhere shingly, that the utmost caution was required to prevent himself from slipping, or sending the loose stones of the pathway rolling to where, doubtless, keen eyes were on the

But Kenewa knew the value of caution, and therefore stepped slowly and deliberately forward, examining every foot of ground before he trusted his moceasins to tread up-

His caution was certainly needed, for when at last, after nearly an hour, he came to the bottom of the huge rock, two sentries were discovered seated on a bowlder in such a position as to render it impossible for him

o pass them unnoticed. Kenewa was, however, too well prepared



for this emergency to be taken by surprise. He had halted before he came in view of them, and only peered through a narrow chink between two huge stones to assure himself of their presence.

He no sooner made the discovery than he quietly seated himself in imitation of the sentries, placed his gun at his feet, and waited. The night was chilly and cold, and was verging toward the gray dawn of morning. when the atmosphere is most piercing to the human frame. Did Kenewa expect them to go to sleep?

The chances were a hundred to one against sentries falling asleep upon their post. To shoot one, to try a hand-to-hand conflict with the second, would have been easy enough, but in an instant he would have to cope with the whole body of red-skins. This plan, therefore, was not to be thought

of for a moment.

The position of affairs was this. Facing where Kenewa sat, or somewhat to the left of the sentinels, was the pool of water already alluded to, and which was divided from the stream of the waterfall by a row of dark pines and clumps of bushes. Some of these grew so near the edge, as to appear to rise out of the water itself. This was most particularly the case where a small spot of land ran into the pool for about a dozen

Most prominent on this slip of land was one large pine tree, which had weathered many a storm, before the others had lifted their heads to the breeze. Upon this Kenewa kept his eyes fixed with an evidently keen and earnest glance.

Presently, as if by magic, the pale and livid hue of nature changed, and the red sun, leaping as it were from his couch in the east, tipped the tall boughs of the old pine with a roseate color.

At the same moment there stood at the

foot of the tree one of the most charming of

Raven hair hanging over her shoulders, with porcupine-quills and other gewgaws stuck in all parts, just met a tunic of deer-skin, dressed with extreme care, that reached half-way to the knee. Then came leg gings, light and elegant in shape, and in-closing limbs, which, even thus clothed, were easily distinguishable for their roundness and beauty.

Her face, olive in complexion, with expressive dark eyes, and a mouth far more shapely than is general with Huron women, was small and delicate, with all the blushing timidity of virgin youth, just warmed into real life by love.

In her hand was an Indian bow, by her side a small quiver of arrows.

At first she merely took up her post under

the tree, with her eyes fixed on the ground, as if awaiting the presence of some one long expected. Then, slowly, and as it were cautiously, she raised her eyes and looked around. Her glance instantly fell upon the Shawnees, who, with their backs slightly turned from her, were conversing in their usual monotonous and guttural tones.

It was Prairie Rose, the promised bride of the Huron chief. The girl looked a moment like a frighten-

ed fawn, but, quickly recovering herself, was about to glide within the shelter of the thicket, when she became as it were spell-She saw Kenewa standing erect, almost within view of the Shawnee sentries, mo-

tioning her to make good her retreat without besitation With a covert smile, but with all that air of quiet submission peculiar to her race, the girl moved away, but only behind the shel-

ter of a bush out of sight of Kenewa. Then she gave a low, silvery, but almost inaudible laugh, as she reflected that, as she was not yet the young brave's wife, but only

his beloved one, she might take the libert to act for herself. Quietly she strung her bow, and selecting sharp, pointed arrow, took steady aim at

the sentry nearest to her.

The shaft could be heard whizzing through the air, and then it struck the man, penetrating through the fleshy part of his arm, and entering his side, but very slight-

With a cry of rage and pain the Shawnee rose to his feet, broke the arrow in twain

cast the pieces on the ground, and darted with his companion in the direction whence they knew the shot must have come. The thicket was the only cover whence an enemy could have launched the winged

His eyes for a moment sparkling with animation, Kenewa put himself to a trot, and followed in the track of the Shawnees, who dashed into the thicket with less of caution than is usually exhibited by Indians on the war-trail.

Kenewa did not take exactly the same di rection as the enemy. Knowing the locality well, and the depth of the pool, he waded in up to his middle, and made for the large pine, at the foot of which, cowering like a beautiful panther about to spring upon its prey, was the Indian girl, another arrow

Not a word was spoken, but at a sign from Kenewa, the girl rose and followed the warrior, who struck across the thicket in the direction of the waterfall.

A hasty crashing of bushes and a smother-

ed cry or two warned Kenewa that the Shawnees were on their trail.

The young warrior had not been called Lightfoot for nothing. Never in the chase, or when running in matches, had the handsome young Indian been defeated.

Kenewa, without pretending to notice Prairie Rose, darted off across the plain away from the cataract, the secret of which he had no intention of betraying. oblique glance, however, assured him that the girl was equal to the emergency.

They were now about two hundred yards from the Shawnees' camp, which still was silent, the fires themselves having almost burnt out for want of fuel. The fire-water of the whites had done its work, and but for the sentries the whole band might have been massacred and destroyed with ease.

A tremendous vell from the two Shawnee braves now awoke the echoes of the forest and hills, and the next instant the whole howling troop of red-skins was on the track of the fugitives, the white men not thinking it necessary to join in the somewhat un-equal hunt. Besides, they still suffered from their wounds, and were yet under the influence of drink

When, too, the Shawnees themselves perceived that only one man and a girl were to be coped with, they gradually fell off, until six swift runners remained upon the track of the Huron and his betrothed bride.

As soon as they were on the plain, Kenewa, whose only chance of escape was to reach the hills and hide until he found an opportunity to regain the cavern shelter,

took an oblique direction toward the

At the foot of the hill was a belt of forest, while up the sides were here and there stunted pines and oaks, which at a pinch might serve him as a shelter from behind which to defend himself against his relentless foes, who, however, were not yet quite assured of his real character, or else more outcry would have been made in the pur-

Prairie Rose watched every movement of her beloved brave, and when she saw that his design was to seek the hills, she set with a merry laugh, at a pace with wh Lightfoot felt it difficult to keep up. however, followed with a grim smile, did either halt until they were behind the shelter of the first trees.

Then Kenewa turned, and took steady aim at the foremost of the Shawnee warriors. The Indian girl at once imitated his ex-

A flash of flame, a report, and one red-skin fell dead upon the plain, a second went limping off with an arrow in his thigh.

Kenewa quietly took the bow, and hand-ed the gun to the girl, who began loading. Again an arrow sped, and this time fatally Again exchanging weapons, Kenewa darted into the timber belt once more, followed by his fair companion, whose presence is

easily explained. During one of the constant and hereditary forays of the Shwanees into the Huron ter-ritory, a band of braves had, after slaughtering some defenseless old men and women, carried off into captivity such maidens and boys as promised soon to be of use to the Among these were a younger brother and sister of Matata

Kenewa, having resolved to liberate them. had yielded to the blandishments of his beloved, so far as to associate her in the en-terprise, under the impression that if force lid not prevail, cunning and feminine tact

Hence the meeting at the Pilot Rock. But Kenewa was a man of precaution and resources. It might be dangerous for the girl to come straight to the rendezvous, and t was arranged that she should leave the protection of the distant forest with extreme caution, and be at daylight beneath the huge pine tree, if the beacon-fire on the rock warned her of the presence of dangerous

The belt of timber is crossed, the steen hill is before them, and Kenewa, casting his rifle on his back, takes the Prairie Rose by the hand and leads her up the hill: a piece of condescension and kindness which brings a beaming smile on the countenance of the maiden. Not a word is spoken, for both knew too well the nature of the emergency to waste time in talk.

The enemy must be thrown off the scent

or their capture is certain; when for Kenewa there is death, for Matata the wigwam of a Shwanee brave.

The warrior, however, has a distinct plan which he did not think necessary to impart to the Indian girl, even if there had been

The mountain stream, beneath the waterfall of which Kenewa had led his friends, took its rise far away in the hills, and above a series of falls of various degrees of strength, it flowed wide and steady enough. For this point Kenewa was now making as rapidly as possible, there to defend himself.

As yet there was no sign of pursuit, but the Huron chief knew full well that a watch was kept upon his movements, until other warriors came up to replace the killed and wounded. He, therefore, without harassing himself or his companion, kept on in the direction he had selected, and was in about a quarter of an hour quite sheltered from view in a narrow gully, which, in a few minutes,

sluggish stream, running between banks fringed by cottonwood and a variety of

About fifty feet from the shore was a lense clump of trees, growing on a kind of

"We must swim yonder," said Kenewa, wrapping a piece of oil-skin about the lock

"Why does Prairie Rose ask her warrior a question?" said Kenewa, with a glance of eproach.
"Matata can not swim."

The Huron brave looked both amazed and almost incredulous, but he made no remark; fixing his gun across his neck, he waded into the water, signing to the girl follow. As soon as the water was deep enough he signed to Matata to place her hands upon his shoulders, giving her at the

ame time a few simple directions.

Then he struck out, and the girl being inelligent and quick, he was able easily to support this weight until the island was reached; a wild, savage yell proclaiming that the enemy had just come up a minute

Kenewa and Matata, without a word, cast themselves on the ground, one beside the other, behind the covert of a fallen log, just in time to avoid a shower of missiles which was poured upon them by the exasperated Shawnees, who now had either to give up the chase or swim to the island in the face of a brave and gallant foe, armed with one of the deadliest instruments of destruction then known—the western rifle.

All was still as death a moment later, as the Shawnees retired out of range of their enemies' shot, to hold council as to their future proceedings.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WATERFALL LEAP. The spot to which Kenewa had swum was the extreme point of the island, a narrow space, with one or two trees growing on its surface, and with several logs which had fallen from decay, thus forming a kind of natural breastwork, behind which, by lying close, the young brave and his lovely companion were completely protected so long as

they lay perfectly still. As soon as the first moment of excitement had passed, Kenewa raised his head cautiously and slowly to take a survey of the

He found that he was almost equidistant from both, and therefore equally exposed to a shot from both sides, should the enemy occupy both banks and place him between a ss-fire.

A hundred yards or so below the island could be heard the dull murmur of a water-fall, while a critical eye could have told the very spot where the hitherto sluggish current began to feel the influence of the cat-

Kenewa, who, like every Indian warrior looked forward to the uses to which a thing

might be put, examined every detail of the scene minutely, and then became once more an observant watcher of the movements of his pursuers.

He could see where they were concealed by the movement of the bushes, and, had he been so inclined, he could have fired a shot with fatal accuracy into their midst. But every charge of powder was invaluable as he might have to stand a siege of many hours, unless the reverberating echoes of the guns in the mountains brought his friends to relieve him.

The Shawnees, who were now ten in number, suddenly reappeared upon the bank; four ran into the water with large fresh-cut bushes to mask their heads, while six opened a rapid fire on the point of the

Casting one quick glance, that thrilled to the girl's heart, to see that she was safe, Kenewa put his rifle close to his hand, and then took the bow and arrows.

He was lying flat on his stomach, with an aperture not more than six inches wide between two logs, for a loophole; but through this loophole he could distinctly see the advancing Shawnees, or, at all events, the bushes which concealed them. With a sarcastic smile at a device so little calculated to answer its purpose, Kenewa took aim just at the spot where the bush touched the

A cry arose: the bush floated slowly past, and frantic struggles, an arm waved on high, with a bloody discoloration of the water, showed how fatal had been the

A second shot made the Indians turn for the shore.

Then spoke the western rifle, and being discharged with fatal result, the gun de-cided this phase of the conflict, and for a moment the contest was over, with a loss to

the enemy of two.

This was, to a certain extent, a reprieve, but it involved certain death, with torture and the stake, should they at length fall into the hands of the remorseless Shawnees

This last conviction, however, did not influence the warrior in the slightest degree; he acted according to his savage ideas of duty, content to let the future take care of

"Matata would say a word to the brave who has won her heart," suddenly whisper-

"Speak; the ears of a warrior take pleasure in listening to music," replied Lightfoot, tenderly.

The girl blushed—a very prairie rose—

with pleasure at his words. "Kenewa is a great brave," she said, after a short pause; "his arm is powerful, his sight keen; but he is only one, while his enemies are numerous as the leaves of the trees; a wild horse of the prairies is a noble animal, but the skulking wolves in bands will run him down; the Shawnees may therefore outwit a great warrior and take prisoners. What would they do with

Kenewa, the mighty brave?"
"They would send him to the happy hunting-ground of his fathers," was the

Matata must not outlive the brave, if he is to die; she must go to prepare his wig-wam on the plains beyond, where the sun goes to sleep. Never will Matata live to be goes to sleep. Never will the squaw of a Shawnee.'

With a blush of maiden modesty, but with a heroic and firm look, Matata slightly bared her bosom, and laying one hand upon

it, and with the other touching her hunting-knife, she said, in a calm tone: "When the time comes, strike here; twere sweet to die by the hand of my hus-

The warrior's eyes glistened, a glance of brought him to the bank of the stream.

It was here a deep, wide, and somewhat tenance at the Roman stoicism with which she awaited death, in preference to what to her was degradation and dishonor—the wig-wam of a Shawnee.

Placing his powerful arm around her, the Indian gave way for an instant to the impulses of a really warm and passionate nature, and embraced his beloved tenderly. Then, with a brow as calm as if nothing out

of common had occurred, he put her away.

"Matata has spoken well; it shall be as she has said," replied Kenewa. At this moment a furious volley recommenced from the shore, so furious, indeed, that Kenewa knew the Shawnees had been reinforced. He, however, made no reply, standing wholly on the defensive, and keen

ly observant of all that might be useful in this terrible emergency. Suddenly a dark and angry gleam passed through his eyes. A slight rustling had made him turn, and there was Matata, sti-

fling a cry of pain from a wound in her arm, which was bleeding freely. An instantaneous glance showed him how this had been done. A Shawnee had ascended a pine that projected over the river, and now fully commanded their po-

Kenewa examined the priming of his gun as leisurely as if he had been in pursuit of deer or a buffalo.

Next instant there was a flash, a report, and then on one side of the large bough on which the Indian stood fell a gun, while on the other the almost lifeless body of the Shawnee was hurled into the stream, where he miserably perished.

This produced another cessation in the attack, during which Kenewa hastened to stanch the wound—simply a flesh cut—of the undaunted girl. This done, without a word being spoken on either side, Kenewa resumed his duties as an observant sentry. It was well he did, for scarcely had he done so when the crashing sound of the heavy ax carried by the white man was heard, and a few minutes later, just above where they were situated, the Bandits of the Scioto were seen dragging a number of

large logs to the water's edge.

The brow of the Indian grew dark as midnight, his eyes flashed with unusual fire A raft would bear to the island in a quarter of an hour such a force of the foe that he could not hope to cope with them. What, then, was to be done? To fight was useless. Did he swim to the opposite bank with Matata clinging to him, he would be lmost immediately overtaken.

He glanced around like a panther at bay. Then a smile irradiated his countenance and he handed his gun to the Indian girl.
"We can but die," he said, in his softest
and most musical tones, "but we will die

The Prairie Rose looked at him with a beaming smile; she awaited his pleasure: to live if he lived, to die if he died; but in all things to obey, cherish, and worship him in this world or the next.

His plan once conceived, Kenewa lost not a moment in carrying it into execution.

With his tomahawk and knife he soon released three of the most eligible logs from their parasitical detainers, long branches of which he then used to lash the trunks to gether, in a rude way, it is true, but enough

No sooner had he accomplished this portion of his task than he pushed the frail conveyance into the stream.

Ten minutes later the howling Shawnees and shrieking whites rushed to the spot which Kenewa had so noby defended, to find it unoccupied.

A hasty glance explained all. There, nearly a hundred feet below, were Kenewa and Matata floating down the center of the stream, the warrior making steady efforts with a pole to force the raft to move

Utterly to no purpose. They were in the suck of the waterfall; the raft is in the eddies—it turns round. By a gigantic exertion of strength Kenewa checks this rotary motion; the raft rushes on with increased rapidity, and, with a loud cry of defiance and triumph from Kenewa, plunges headlong over the boiling and

seething cataract. The Shawnees stood spellbound with

mingled horror and admiration.
When Kenewa found that he was drawn with his raft, remorselessly, into the vortex of the cataract, he made his preparations accordingly. It was not the first time that he had gone down a waterfall, while, in shooting the dangerous rapids of his native rivers, he was so expert as to be celebrated even in the eyes of much older and more ex

perienced men. Every atom of ground along the whole course of the river which was the scene of his present adventures was familiar to him, and he looked, therefore, with less doubt as to the result than any one else might have

He knew, however, that extreme caution was necessary to guide his unwieldy but strong float, as well as to prevent Matata from being thrown headlong forward in the

boiling torrent. As he lost command of his floating logs he bade the girl hold firm by the stoutest withes that bound the trunks together, and having fixed his gun upon his back, he stooped, in a half-kneeling posture, with one arm round the girl's face.

The mountain stream, where it fell over the rocks, was still wide, though the principal part of the water rushed through a central gap into a kind of basin, bounded by a projecting rock.

On either side the water was, as it were, driven back to the foot of the cataract. Here it was placid enough.

The chief danger was in the first shock, especially as Matata could not swim. The chief's brow was dark as he reached the verge of the fall; he set his teeth together, and looked keenly downward.

The plunge was about fourteen feet. He saw, instantaneously, that the raft would strike the rock at the foot of the fall, and be dashed to pieces; his hand convul-sively grasped the arm of the trembling girl, and then, with a fearful shock, the rude logs hit against the jagged rock, separated, and left the two struggling in the water.

Kenewa saw at once that Prairie Rose was insensible, and, holding her firmly with his left arm, with his right he clambered up on the rock which had been the means destroying the raft. He then saw that the girl was bleeding on the side of the head from a blow, probably from the logs of the

Hastily he placed his hand upon her heart, and discovered that it fluttered. Then, gently, with the tenderness of a mother to a babe, he bathed the wound, which was, however, not serious. He soon saw the roses returning to her cheeks, which discovered ery once made, he looked quickly around to make sure he was not observed, and, certain of this fact, he stooped to kiss her coral lips with all the ardor of a most romantic and passionate lover

A gentle sigh followed, and then the kiss was faintly returned. Blushing like a girl, the Huron warrior lifted his head, and gazed with a half-smile into the face of the maiden, who, on open-

ing her eyes, could not at once realize her true position. She soon, however, remembered all, and shuddered as she gazed upward at the broad sheet of water over which they had made so

Matata has been asleep," said Kenewa, Something seemed to strike me," she replied, "and the world passed away like a shadow."

"She is better now?"
"Yes; Matata will no longer be a burden to her warrior!" she cried, rising from her

recumbent posture.

The Huron chief now carefully drew the charge of his gun, reloaded it, and examined the priming, after which he took a wary and

cautious glance around, his eyes particularly fixing themselves on one spot. On the opposite side of the stream to that which the Shawnees had occupied while attacking him, the rock was very steep, but not so nearly perpendicular as to prevent several bushes from growing up its Now, on more than two occasions, Kenewa had seen a stone fall into the placid pool caused by the backwater, at the foot of this cliff, and to his fancy they were either cast

purposely, or displaced by some one creeping down the surface of the slope. As soon as his gun was loaded, his eyes were gradually, very gradually, raised toward the place from whence the stones appeared to fall. As he did this, one much larger fell with a louder splash (he judged by sight, not hearing), and before the rip-ples had faded into broader circles, his eyes detected the honest face of the scout, peer ing at him from behind a bush, which ef-

fectually concealed his person.

No sooner did Steve perceive that his presence was known, than he pointed to the upper part of the river, where the Shawnees were in pursuit, and then indicated that they were descending the bank in the direction of Kenewa and Matata.

The brow of the Huron warrior became dark as midnight at this indication.

dark as midnight at this indication. Seated where they were, they would be a certain mark for sharpshooters from above; to climb to where Steve was ensconced was impossible, especially as from the opposite side they might be riddled with shot, before they could fire one volley in their own

The brave young chief would have been totally unembarrassed, but for the presence of one who to him was dearer than his life. His eye, after a minute or two, noted a line of froth which seemed stationary, and which went in a diagonal direction from where

they stood to the western bank. This he knew, from the drift, sticks, moss, and leaves that hung by the frothy line, indicat-

It ended where a white oak overhung the

"Matata can not swim," he said, pointing to the line, and clutching a broken half of the pole he had steered the raft with, "but she can walk in shallow water—go! Her brave will follow her when she is safe at

yonder tree." Matata smiled her reply, and, rising, took the stick and entered the water.

Kenewa watched her with the utmost anxiety. She was feeling carefully with her pole, and had already advanced nearly half the distance, when suddenly the mountain gully was filled by yells and cries, while several shots were fired in rapid succession, awakening the echoes in the most sudden and unexpected manner. Then a cry wilder and more unearthly than any rose in the air, followed by the falling of a heavy body into the water from the eastern bank.

The good western rifle of Steve the scout had sent one enemy to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers.

The corpse floated slowly down-stream toward the lower falls.

Kenewa turned to see what had become

of Prairie Rose, and to his great delight he saw her beautiful face peering at him from under the white oak. When the shots were fired, like a startled fawn she had run along the edge of the rift, in parts scarcely wide enough for one foot, and thus reached the enough for one 1001, and indicated retreat in safety.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

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NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Sir Isaac Newton, whose great mind No arts could put a curb on, Laid down beneath a napple tree To take a nap suburban.

All day he had employed his wits
In trying to discover
If in the moon they always dined
On breakfast things warmed over.

But this great theme he put aside, His mind no more abusing, And in a little while he went To snoring and to snoozing.

He dreamed he was a big bed-bug, With no hotel to live in; He dreamed he was a polywog, With no mud-hole to dive in.

But when his mind, from these things free, With higher things did grapple, A light wind from a limb above Unloosed a rotten apple.

Quite straight it fell toward the ground, If history can be trusted, But lit on his sonorous nose And rather softly bu'sted.

Sir Isaac slowly ope'd one eye, And then he ope'd the other, And with no particle of surprise He saw what was the bother.

Nor did he rise to fume and swear Enough for a whole fam'ly; He only shut his eyes again, And went to sleep right calmly.

And thus, instead of acting wild, And getting in a passion He founded by his gravity The law of gravitation.

De Gama's Revenge.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"THERE is my man now," and the speaker, a middle-aged man rather foppishly clad, walked toward the tall and brutish looking Portuguese seaman, who was narrating a thrilling sea-chase to the mongrel crowd up-

on the wharf.

It was in the early history of New Orleans, when piratical crafts anchored with impunity at her very wharf—when noted freebooters, to whose eyes a fine ship laden with helpless women and children was the fairest sight under heaven, walked her streets in the broad glare of the noonday

sun.

The Portuguese paused when the gloved hand touched his huge bare arm.

"Can I have a few moments' private conversation with you?" "So soon, senor, as I finish the chase of the Centipede," was the sailor's reply, and he hastened to the conclusion of his narrative, which was received with cheers by the

listeners, who rejoiced at the escape of the

listeners, who rejoiced at the escape of the freebooter's craft.

"Now, senor," said the Portuguese, turning to the American, "I will listen to whatever may pass your lips."

"We will have listeners here," returned the old profligate, for such a character his looks proclaimed him. "I would converse with you alone. I want to line your purse with gold."

"Caramba," cried the freebooter, his eyes flashing with the desire to possess. "We will have no listeners, senor. My boat lies at the wharf. We will row out into the bay and hold converse there.'

The twain stepped into a small boat which lay at the foot of the pier, and the strong sailor sent it like an arrow out into

"Now, senor," said the foreigner, resting upon his oars, a goodly distance from any

vessel large or small.

"I want a certain piece of work perform-Name it

"There dwells in yonder city a beautiful woman whom I would possess. I have knelt at her feet and spoken of an affection my heart does not contain, and she haughtily bade me be gone, and seek a mate near-er my years than she. She must yet be mine. The night which follows to-morrow's is her wedding one. Do you understand?

"And will you do it?"
"For gold?"

"Yes, three thousand yellow doubloons." "A goodly sum; it will complete the filling of my thirtieth chest," murmured the pirate; then aloud: "Senor, I accept the of-

'Your hand and oath." The American griped the great outstretched hand; and a Portuguese vow soared heav-

enward for record. The ocean's scourge occupied the minute's silence that followed the uttering of the vow in scrutinizing the features of his employer, and when he noticed a livid scar surmounting the left eye, a cloud, darker than those above their heads, took posses-

sion of his face. They had met before. But when and where ?

Nous verrons. In the conversation following the compact the Portuguese learned the designs of the

treacherous American. Adele Caulincourt was to be abducted the following night and conveyed to the pirate's vessel-La Centipede-which was anchored in the bay. When the deed had been accomplished, Guy Morose, the profligate, was to come aboard, and the pirate was to set

sail immediately for Cuba.

All this De Gama swore to fulfill to the At last Adele's enemy was rowed back to the wharf and he and the bloody rover sep-

Oh! could he have seen the look De Gama fastened upon him as he walked away! Had he been so fortunate, he would have fled the Crescent City at once, and never,

never returned. Ah! you will soon be mine, sweet Adele," the villain murmured, as he sought his abode. "You were foolish to think that Guy Morose, obeying your command, would remain from your side forever. Gold will do any thing, and I possess enough to pur-

chase a kingdom. The night preceding Adele's marriage with handsome, chivalrous Mortimer Vere,

dropped her sable vail over the wicked southern city of olden time. It was twelve o'clock, when a man habited in a sailor's garb paused before the Caulincourt mansion. A light in Adele's chamber told that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, she had not retired. The loud rap which the sailor bestowed

upon the door reached the ears of the bride expectant, and raising the sash directly overhead, she demanded the midnight mission. I am a sailor," said the man, in broken English. "I come from Mortimer Vere, who, even till yit.

in a letter which I hold in my hand, desires

me to conduct you to him."

"At this unseasonable hour?"

"Even so. The letter is in his own handwriting. Shall I toss it up?"

"Yes." The letter fell into Adele's hands

Breaking the seal, she read in the well-known chirography of her lover:

"Dearest:—Permit the bearer, a Portuguese sailor, to conduct you to me. Trust him. All is well. "Mortimer." Having perused the brief missive, the

young girl signified her intention of accompanying the sailor. Throwing a shawl over her head she quietly descended, and a while later was threading the dark and tortuous streets of New Orleans.

Presently she found herself upon the wharf, and stepped into a boat at the bidding of her guard and guide.

A short distance from the spot stood Guy Morose. He beheld the boat put off for the pirate craft, and rubbed his soft, woman-like hands with glee.
"De Gama is faithful," he muttered.

Soon my face will be turned toward the sunny shores of Cuba." An hour had scarcely elapsed when a boat touched the pier, and its Portuguese oc-

cupant bade the profligate enter.

He was not loth to obey, and with wonderful swiftness the boat approached La Centipede

By and by Guy Morose beheld the face of De Gama leaning over the taffrail, and the next moment he stood upon the pirate's deck.

But, oh, the sight his vision encountered!

Near the mainmast stood the beautiful Adele Caulincourt, leaning gracefully upon the arm of her affianced. A bewitching smile suffused her face. But this was not all the villain saw. Near the apparently happy couple stood a surpliced minister of the church of the living God, with book open at the marriage service

What did it mean? Was De Gama a With pallid face Guy Morose turned to the pirate, and mutely implored a solution

of the mystery. "Guy Morose," thundered the freebooter, "twenty years ago you came to Lisbon.

Then I was but a boy—ten years of age. You gambled then as you do now. You played deep with my brother Carlos. Ha! do not shake your perfumed head! You have not forgotten it, nor did I forget your face. One night, without the slightest pro-

"In them days the kentry up about the Estacado wurn't quite so much settled up es it ar' now, an' a feller 'd foot it fur a month an' not ketch sight uv a human critter, on'y Comanch, an' they wurn't human nohow. "I war up thar pokin' about when one eve-

nin' a lot uv them durned cusses lit onto me in camp an' tuck me prisoner.

"Next mornin' they started acrost the staked plains, what fur I couldn't never tell, es the direckshun they war travelin' didn't lead nowhar at all es I knowed; but start across they did, an' what ar' more, they went es ef the ole scratch wur arter 'em.

"You see they know'd me, an' thort they'd struck a big thing, an' war in a hurry to git me sumwhar so es to hev ther leetle fun aencin' round while I singed at the stake. "You all knows what a h— uv a stretch it ar' 'cross them plains, an' arter travelin' fur

nigh onto a week they hedn't yet got out. "Bout that time I begin to think it war time fur me to part company es I didn't hev no idee uv burnin' jess to 'comodate them imps uy Satin, so one night I reches over an' slips out the knife from the imp's belt es war layin' 'long side o'me, an' settled his hash in about the shortest kind uv a way. 'The red-skin never grunted, an' arter a while I riz up, an' seein' it war sartin death

to try an' git to whar my rifle lay, I crep' off an' struck out fur the promised land. "They hilt me a tight race fur aday er two, but I suckceeded in breakin' the trail an' throwed 'em teetotally.

'But I warn't much better off nor I war 'Afoot on the Staked Plains, five hundred mile frum nowhar es I know'd, an' nothin'

but a skulpin'-knife to depend onto.
"Es them writin' chaps sez, 'I needn't dwell upon this hyar p'int,' an' you better b'lieve I didn't dwell much nuther.

"Ther wurn't no time to dwell, es I see the on'y chance war to keep peggin' away an' foller my nose in a straight line. "The seckind day I ketched a cruppled

perairy dorg, an' roasted him a bit over sum buffler chips, an' it helped me powerful. "But cruppled perairy dorgs ar' sca'ce, an' fur the next five days I hed to make out by thinkin' 'bout how good the one I'd eat hed tasted. It wur slim kind uv grub, boyees,

an' ther wurn't much stren'th into it. About the eighth day I begin to weaken, an' in a cupple more I wur clean done fur, an' jess guv up the fout es no good. "I didn't like the idee uv goin' under in thet sort uv a way, but it couldn't be holped.

wur the on'y two humans in that sink-

"I hed teetotally cleaned the family out, an' I tell you I begin to feel s'iff I'd hed somethin' to eat."

"Well, I shed think so," said Bob Blain, Old Joe's partner. "Heow meny uv them lettle suckers did yer belt, Joe?"

"Ther' war sixteen in the fambly when they kim down into the sink-hole, an' by an hour by sun ther' warn't on'y me an' the ole

Cured by Wolves.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

ABBIE WILLIAMS was a consummate flirt; it was second nature with her, and she could no more help flirting than she could give up round-dancing, at the earnest entreaties of her lover, Carl Granger, a young man whom she had known from her earliest

Abbie and Carl had lived for years in the little western village of A——, and the parents of both of them were well-to-do in the world, and perfectly willing that the two should "make a match," as it was said in the village they certainly would do; al-though the pretty and willful maiden would tease her lover shamefully, by pretending to like the society of other gentlemen more than she did his.

Carl bore all patiently, until a month be fore my story opens, when he was driven almost frantic with jealousy, by a rival who appeared in A——, and some of the gossips said he would be a successful rival, from the manner in which he was treated by Abbie.

Be that as it may, Charles Lennox, Esq. had come to A—to live, and the "shingle' hung out from his little office gave the citizens the information that he was an "attor-

He was a good-looking man of thirty, with agreeable manners, but there was a look in his face of treachery and weakness—a "sugar and water look," as Carl told Abbie. Having brought letters of introduction to one family in A——, Charles Lennox, Esq., was introduced into the society of the place, and, from his first meeting with Ab-bie, had paid her devoted attention, which she, with her love of coquetry, encouraged more and more each day of her acquaintance with him.

The ice glittered beneath him and looked like a sheet of flame, his face was crimson with the great efforts he made, and his voice ounded harsh as he called out:

"Courage, Abbie, I am here!"
On sped the brave girl, and close behind came the fierce wolves, hot after their prey; at each bound they gained upon her, and

soon all would be over. No! the flash of a pistol, a howl, and one of the brutes falls dead—while every second Carl rapidly essens the distance between him and the woman whom he fondly loves.

Another flash and report, and still another, and then, with a rush like lightning, Carl overtakes Abbie and seizes her in his arms, while the remaining wolves fled at his approach. "Carl, forgive me," was all Abbie could say, and she was forgiven, for Carl had his revenge, when he found the next day that Charles Lennox, Esq., was no longer willing to offer legal advice to the citizens of A—, but had departed for "parts unknown."

Beat Time's Notes.

I know a man who is so sober-visaged and hard-cheeked that, if he ever attempted to smile, he would break the crust.

If you were the wife of your grand-mother's uncle's cousin's half-sister, what relation would you be to your uncle's grandfather's husband, and how many?

If one fox with six legs runs after a hound with seven legs in half an hour by the steelyards, how many legs—no, how many hours will the fox catch—I mean how many legs will the fox-that is, how many times will the fox catch the hound in how

many hours, in case he runs straight along? IF you divide the number 27 in two equal parts, so that one will be just twice as much as the other, and the other one-third as much as the other, provided the other is in the same ratio to the other as the other is to the other, or otherwise, then you can do more

IF having always five dollars more than you want doesn't make a man feel pretty good toward the man who wears his clothes, get out your slates, and tell me what will.

DEAR MR. TIME:

I am eight years of old I thought I would write you a letter I have one sister and two brothers I would have one brother and two sisters but I haven't and we take the SATUR-DAY JOURNAL and Sis reads the stories and cries over 'em and Bob reads your stories and laughs over them and I don't like to see him laugh at them so I don't again and I had the mumps last week and I don't care for they are gone and I don't know where they went to and I go to school and I never never run off from school in my life never but what I got licked and it's no fun so it ain't and I go to Sunday school to get tickets and we raised 240 bushels of hay on our farm last year and 80 acres of wood and we have 3 big hogs and 7 pigs bigger than he hogs besides the measles and a quarrel in the family before breakfast and every thing else in proportion.

A MAN says there is a great deal of order around his house, as his wife does the ordering around.

Corns—including rheumatism, dyspepsia, bilious fever, general debility, gout, consumption, etc.—took my grandfather off. He died at the age of one hundred and forty, and the heirs then were fearfully in hopes that he would get well. We never had any diseases in our family that are not laid down in the almanacs, and I have been very well, I thank you, until last week, when I commenced declining—not only invitations to fight, but declining to be perfectly well under any consideration. I got out of spirits and got into bed. I made my will and forgave those whom I owed. I couldn't eat. My wife was almost alarmed, and I was improving heally my pulse nearly best me to proving badly, my pulse nearly beat me to death, and there was nothing in my head but a pain. I was nearly out of breath, and quite out of heart, and I thought I would never be myself any more nor any body else, and the undertakers got to look ing up at my windows, till one night I heard my wife say to herself, "It will soon be morning, thank the Lord that time is swiftly passing away." I got up, went down town, took a glass of *strength*, and am now able to eat my six meals a day, including lunches. don't know why, but I never did like to hear my wife wish I was dead.

EARS are considered valuable acquisitions to the human countenance. Indeed, they are almost indispensable to good looks, and are generally worn on the side of the head: and in point of size and shape, range all the way from a split butter-bean to an oyster shell in the rough. We hear with our ears-invitations to

dinner-that we are such good-looking people—that we are so benevolent and such No. 1 people; but we don't hear the asking of alms—will you lend me a dollar?—your note is due to-day—other people's praise—the preacher's advice—intimations of new bonnets, etc. What sublime things they are to pull; but how ridiculous and hurtful to have pulled! The poetry of motion they do not possess, and therefore they can not wag much. It is an absurd idea of some ladies that ears were only made to hang ornamental metals upon—ranging from a diamond drop to a brass kettle, very absurd! A large crop in the ear isn't worth two in

I am extremely anxious to know if the fall of man had any thing to do with the fall of manna. I may be over anxious, but still-well, no matter.

I am sorry to say that my pump is very bad; indeed, it is so reduced that I fear there is no succor for it—no sucker.

Among the early impressions I received, none were more lasting than those made by my mother's slipper on my back.

THE resources of a limb of the law are often very lim-ited.

Ir you are bitten by a snake, fill yourself up with whisky, but I wouldn't advise you to keep full of it all the time in expectation of being bitten.

IF you swallow strychnine, the best thing for you to take is to take farewell of this world.



DE GAMA'S REVENGE

vocation beneath heaven, you shot Carlos across the card-table—shot him like a dog and fled. Over my brother's corpse Ilittle boy of ten—swore revenge. Now my time has come, and yours, too, murderer! But, first, the wedding of two hearts."

Turning to the minister, he bade the ceremony proceed, and, in less time than it takes us to record it, the lovers were made one. Under a strong guard Guy Morose witnessed the marriage, and saw the loving couple, with the man of God, rowed toward

How shall I attempt to describe De Gama's revenge? My feeble pen is in-adequate to the task.

After hearing his doom from the pirate's lips, the baffled profligate and murderer was borne aloft by two strong sailors, and actualnailed to the mast. Then La Centipede sailed away

For days, beneath a tropical sun, Guy Morose lingered in excruciating agony, and death, which, at last, put an earthly end to his sufferings, was the only blessing he ever craved at the hand of God.

Was not De Gama's revenge terrible be-

Who will answer "no?"

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Joe's "Squar' Feed."

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"Boyees," said Old Joe one evening after the party had just finished a hearty meal from the rump of a young cow-buffalo, "wur any av ye ever hard up fur a squar"

Of course, a dozen of them had, so they said, and we were about to hear each and every one of their "experiences," when Old

Joe cut in and again took the floor.
"Well, I reckin you all thinks as how ye've been hard up that away, but I don't b'lieve iny uv you knows what it ar' to be hongry in yearnest. When a feller goes fourteen days 'ithout nothin' to chaw what he could spar' offen his shirt-tail an' moccasins, why then yer kin bet high thet he begins to feel es ef rump like that ar'

wouldn't go bad, nohow.
"I'll tell you how it war that I kem to be ketched in that sort uv a fix. It ar' now more'n twenty year sence it took place, but durn my cats of my stummuck hev ever got

"By-em-by I begin to think uv all ther buffler an' sich es I hed ever chawed. "Sumtimes I'd see hull chunks uv it layin right afore me, smokin' jess es if it hed kim outen the hole, but when I go fur it, it

vouldn't be thar. I reckin I war fooled a hundred times an' more, too, that way, ontil I got so es I wouldn't mind it, but leff it fur some other "It wur the mornin' uv the fourteenth day

arter gettin' away from the Comanch, when I struck a sink-hole in ther perairy, an' thinkin' thet wur es good es eny place to bury myself in, I jess crawled down an' curled up onto a bed uv leaves an' grass thet wur in the bottom. I reckin I must 'a' drapped asleep, fur when I woked up the sun wur nigh down,

"The t'other one wur the durndest, biggest, raw-bonest, an' savagest ole razor-back sow thet ever I kim acrost, an' she hed a hull lot uv little razor-backs, squeakin' an' squal lin' an' wrastlin' fnr the places to suck.

an' I see thet thar wur another feller in the

Lordy! what a rumpus them little pigs did make, an' es I lay, purty nigh gone, watchin' 'em, I all at once thinks es how they mout be fittin' fur a hungry man to

eat.
"But the old 'un was skittish, an' so wur the young 'uns, an' they kep' in t'other side uv the sink. "I see how it wur, an' begin 'possumin' dead, an' twarn't long afore the sow kim

rootin' an' gruntin' over to my side, power-ful cautious like, but gettin' a leetle closer ev'ry now an' then By-em-by she dug her long snoot under

my ribs an' give me a histe over.
"I never budged, an' when the little 'uns see that they kim over. "They got all round me an' atween my legs, an' clumb over my body, till I got a good chance an' grupped one uv 'em by the

"I know'd ef the little cuss squealed I wur a goner, so I hilt tight, an' when he wur done kickin', an' the old sow wanted watchin', I rolled over t'other side an' begins on the kar-

"It wurn't hardly a taste, an' purty soon I wur ready fur another one.
"I played the 'possum game, an' kep' ketchin' an' eatin' the little things, an' watchin'

the old 'un, who wur beginnin' to get oneasy 'bout whar her young uns war.

"She kep' countin' 'em over an' over, an' then she'd look all round an' grunt an' squeal es'ff she was callin' the roll. Well, boyees, that game couldn't last out

allers, an' by-em-by the ole sow an' me

deep upon hill and valley, and the river was frozen over, and shone like glass in the moonlight, the young people of A—had decided upon a pleasure party, which was to go up the river on skates for five miles, and taking with them eatables, have a jollification and supper in an old school-hous that stood on the bank near the water. As usual, Carl went for Abbie to accom pany him, and to his chagrin she said, "She was sorry, but she had already promised Mr.

One beautiful night when the snow lay

With a muttered curse, and a determina tion to be revenged upon the man who stood by smiling at his rival's defeat, Carl turned and walked away, and, meeting Jack Hunter, his most intimate friend, he told him his grievances, and concluded by saying, "Now, old fellow, that villain has got to fight me to-night. I will not put up with him any longer. Carry your revolver with you, and I will carry mine, and when we are at the school-house, I will call him out and he shall face me. I do not believe he will fight; but if he does not, he will have

All entreaties on the part of Jack were of no avail, and he at last decided to stand by

At eight o'clock the party, more than fifty in number, started, and after a delightful skate up the moonlit river, they came to the school-house, and removing their skates, built a fire and began their fun.

lover as if in enjoyment at his jealous rage. which she saw upon his face. As they were preparing to start home, Lennox took hold of Abbie's hand, and they skated up the river, far from the party. Al last all was in readiness, and the move

home was about to be made, when a pierc

Two hours passed, and not once could

Carl get Lennox away from Abbie, who, from time to time, would glance at her old

ing shriek came from up the river in the di-rection the lovers had taken. With a bound Carl started off, for he knew it was Abbie's voice, and though the others all came after, no one could keep pace with him; he fairly flew over the frozen surface of the river. A bend in the river brought him upon Lennox, who was skating with scared face, back toward the school-house, while far off, the moonlight showed him the form of Abbie gliding over the ice, while close behind her were half a dozen dark objects which he at once knew

to be wolves.
"Coward!" he yelled at Lennox as he passed him, and with set teeth and body thrown forward he urged himself on, on, on over the frozen river.